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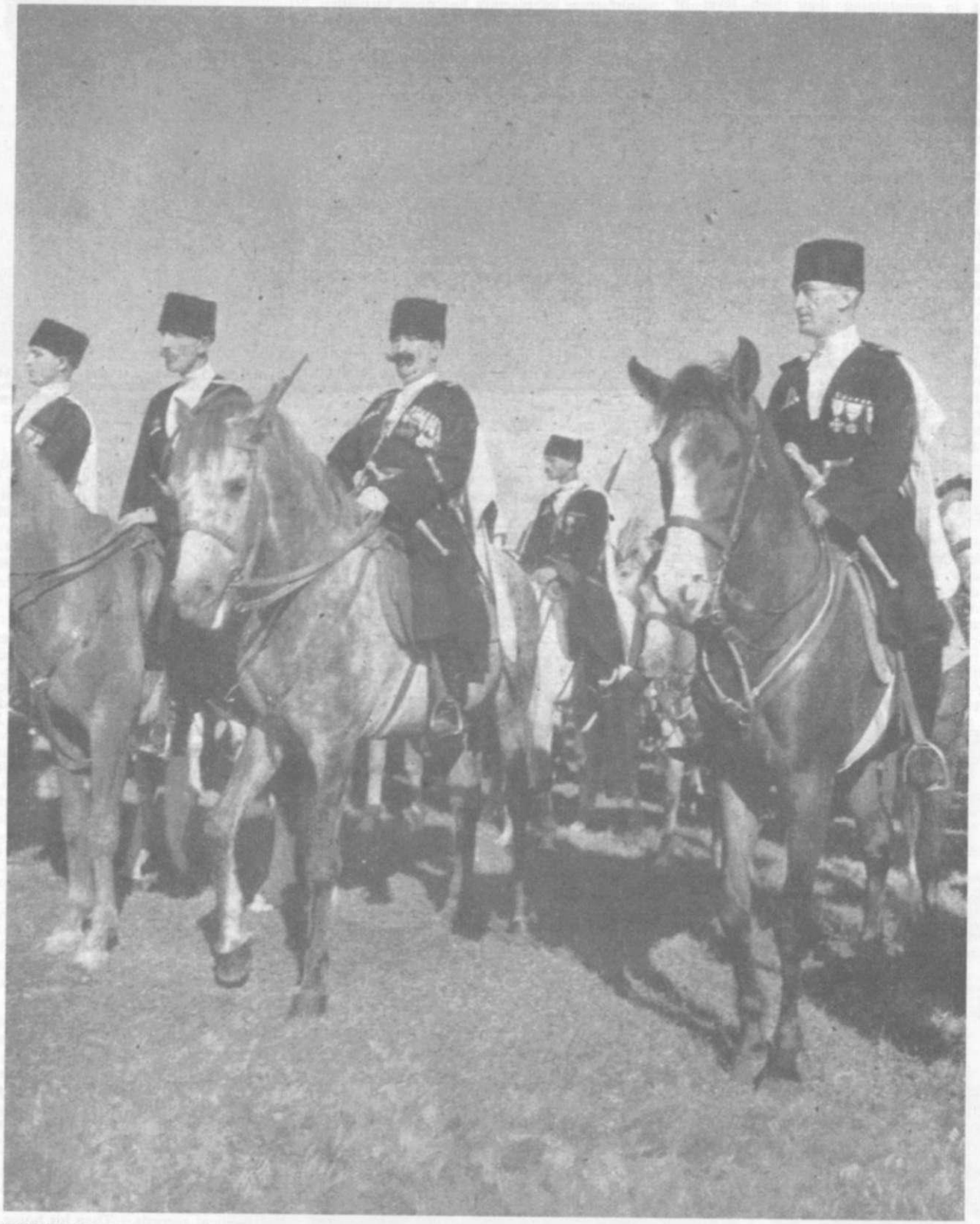
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FOURPENCE

WEEKLY



FREE FRENCH TROOPS now operating in Syria include Circassian cavalry under the command of Col. Collet, who escaped from Syria to join General de Gaulle's army. Ignoring orders to resist any British attack, Col. Collet crossed into Transjordan territory there to rally other Frenchmen to the free cause. His patriotic gesture has influenced many of his comrades. These impressive Circassian cavalrymen, part of the French army of the Levant in occupation of certain Syrian towns, are now on the move against the Vichy defeatists. *Photo, Mrs. T. Muir*

Our Searchlight on the War

Sun Rays for Night Fighters

BECAUSE they have to take their sleep in the daytime, night-fighter pilots have been deprived of their normal share of sunshine. To counteract this and to assist in maintaining their high level of physical fitness, Lord Nuffield has offered to provide them with facilities for sunray treatment. Each of the aerodromes at which night-fighter pilots are stationed will shortly be equipped with the latest type of collective irradiation apparatus. This type of apparatus enables the treatment to be enjoyed by as many as twelve pilots simultaneously.

Martinique in Custody

DETAILS of an "arrangement" between the U.S.A. and the Vichy government regarding the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe were made known on June 7. This agreement provides for certain guarantees regarding the movements of French vessels in United States waters and commits the French government to prior notification regarding any shipment of gold from Martinique. It also provides for the establishment of a daily boat and plane patrol of the islands. A naval observer stationed at Fort de France will check the patrols' observance. In return the United States will give certain forms of economic aid to both of the French islands.

Italy Tightens Her Belt

DESPITE the strict censorship on news going out of Italy, it has been learned that the country is suffering increasing economic difficulties owing to the war. Nickel-plating, except for surgical instruments, is forbidden "for the duration." Ceramics and aluminiumware are being standardized to cheapen production and make rationing easier. Since the supplies of coal coming from Germany are inadequate for Italy's needs, the Autarky Committee in Rome has been granting permits for the erection of hydro-electric smelting plants for the manufacture of pig-iron and certain alloy steels. Reserves of many imported raw materials coming by sea are already running low, among them stocks of textile fibres, hides for leathermaking, skins for furs, and foreign woods. The use of wheat flour or rationed fats or milk for the manufacture of biscuits has been forbidden from June 15.

Sinking of the Zamzam

DETAILS of the sinking of the Egyptian liner Zamzam by a German raider in the South Atlantic were given to a "Daily Telegraph" Special Correspondent by some of the U.S. passengers aboard her when they reached Lisbon. They told how the ship was fired on without warning at 5.30 a.m. on April 17 by the raider Tamesis. About a dozen shells hit the ship, but no loss of life was caused. Boats were lowered, and when all the passengers had reached the German ship the raider's crew boarded the Zamzam. The passengers were transferred to the supply ship Dresden, which cruised about for nearly five weeks before landing her passengers in France. After they had landed, 21 American ambulance drivers and a few others, including the Captain and Chief Engineer of the Zamzam, were detained by the Germans.

Nazis Adopt Roman Type

ON May 31 Berliners were amazed to see the *Angriff* printed in Roman type instead of the Gothic characters which the Hitler regime had hitherto made compulsory. The explanation given was that the Third Reich's new worldwide power would suffer, and the influence of the German press would be curtailed, if it continued to use the Gothic type which few people abroad can read. Other German newspapers are to follow the *Angriff's* example.

He Saved His Flock

A SHEPHERD'S devotion to his flock was recognized by the award of the British Empire Medal to F. Mitchell of Abbots Leigh in Somerset. Incendiary bombs fell on the farm and set light to the lambing pens. Mitchell tried to cope with the outbreak single-handed, but it spread too quickly for him. So, although high explosives were falling in the vicinity, he entered the pens, snatched up the lambs one by one and carried them through the flames into the open fields.

SHEPHERD FRED MITCHELL, of Abbots Leigh, Somerset, awarded the British Empire Medal for bravery in saving his flock when fires spread in the lambing pens.
Photo, "Daily Mirror"

The Warsaw Ghetto

VILLAINOUSLY treated as have been the Jews in Germany, the lot of their co-religionists in conquered Poland is even worse. The Nazis have aimed deliberately at their impoverishment and degradation, and by the establishment of separate Jewish districts, i.e. the Ghettos, have striven to separate them from their fellow citizens. The largest of the Ghettos is in Warsaw. Here, in a small area, the most neglected and the dirtiest in the city, 450,000 people are now compelled to live. There is only one square, and the only park is the Jewish cemetery. Even before the war the district was the most thickly populated part of Warsaw, but now the number of people per room has risen to six and, in some cases, to ten. The Ghetto is called "the closed contaminated area" and has been surrounded by walls. Within those walls the word of the German policeman is law, and the unhappy Jews are tricked and robbed and frequently maltreated after the Nazi fashion.

Doctor Bombed out Four Times

A CERTAIN medical practitioner, a panel doctor, though bombed out four times, is still carrying on in his district. His surgery was totally demolished last winter. He then secured other accommodation in the same street, but six weeks later these premises, too, were damaged beyond repair. Undaunted, he opened a new surgery elsewhere in the street and that was demolished in the spring, together with all his furniture, drugs and medical records. Then his home in the neighbourhood was destroyed. He started again in a new surgery in the same street determined not to give up while there was still a spot available to him in the street where he had always carried on his practice.

G.P.O.'S DANGER SQUAD removing a 3-cwt. safe from a post office wrecked by a German bomb. These men rescue the contents of London post offices, safes, kiosks, and letter-boxes from raid-wrecked buildings, often at great personal risk. A dangerous job this squad tackled was to clear a letter-box almost on top of the time bomb which threatened St. Paul's. *Photo, Sport & General*

The Way of the War

SALUTE TO FREE FRANCE! VIVE DE GAULLE!

A Word in Appreciation of the Movement and the Man

ONE day in 1934 Alexander Werth, for long the "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent in Paris, was looking round a bookshop in the Boulevard St. Germain when the manager, M. Lucius, "round, bald and jovial," handed him a little volume in a green-and-buff paper cover. "Read this," he said; "it is important. De Gaulle—*c'est un type très fort.*" Mr. Werth confessed he had never heard of him. "He works over there," rejoined M. Lucius, pointing to the French War Office just opposite. And he added in a half-whisper, "Oh, but they don't like him there! He is too damned independent-minded."

That was seven years ago, and De Gaulle—he was only a colonel then—was practically unknown outside military circles. Even in those circles he was suspect: had he not ideas, unorthodox ideas, "unsuited to the French tradition"? Before long, however, his little book—it was *Vers l'Armée de Métier* (since translated into English under the title "The Army of the Future")—won a certain vogue, particularly when it was known that M. Reynaud had been supplied by De Gaulle with the facts and arguments which he used to advance the cause of a mechanized army. But the generals and the yes-men of "experts" and technicians who surrounded them looked askance at the plea for tanks and yet more tanks. What do we want tanks for, they asked, when in the next war all we will have to do is to sit comfortably and securely in *La Ligne Maginot* and let the enemy batter himself to destruction against its impregnable walls?

DE GAULLE'S warnings fell on deaf ears. Too late Reynaud was called to be premier; too late he called De Gaulle to his side. At the front, as in the prime minister's cabinet, the General played a gallant and distinguished part, but the Battle of France was fought and lost. Reynaud went to the confinement prepared for him by his enemies; De Gaulle, sickened, yet not disgusted into inanition, by the rottenness that he saw all around him, took a plane to England, and there became the rallying-centre of all that was still vital and honourable in French life. One June day he came to the microphone in London, and in burning words—words fired by a passionate patriotism—appealed to his fellow-countrymen not to despair. "The country is not dead! Hope is not extinct! *Vive la France!*"

Since that day a year has passed—and what a year! France has staged no dramatic "comeback"; the old men of Vichy are still in power, and if they have a policy, it is one of utter defeatism. "We must collaborate with Germany," they plead mournfully; "otherwise we shall be ground into the dust, our sons and brothers will be kept prisoners beyond the Rhine, our fields and factories will rot and decay for lack of workers." In their heart of hearts some of them, at least, dread nothing so much as a British victory. For then would come a day of reckoning, and the guillotine might clang and crash again in the Place de la Concorde.

BUT De Gaulle—for him and the men who acknowledge his leadership the year that has just slipped away has been one of ever-increasing strength, moral and material. When the Battle of Britain was at its height last August the General was officially recognized by the British Government as "leader of all free Frenchmen, wherever they may be, who rally to him in support of the Allied cause," and an agreement was concluded between him and the British authorities concerning the organization, employment and conditions of service of the French volunteer force which was being assembled under his command.

That force has long since come into being, and on many a battlefield the soldiers of Free France have fought most gallantly and effectively. They have been in action against the common foe amid the torrid sands of the Sahara and on the rocky heights of Eritrea, they marched and fought beside us on the road that led to Benghazi, a hundred-and-one of their ships of war are serving with our fleets, and in the air many a squadron of Free French airmen have helped clear the skies of enemy planes. And, to mention their most recent success, only the other day Free French troops poured across the frontier from Palestine into Syria, valiant comrades-in-arms of our own men, Britons and Australians, Indians and New Zealanders. "Our men went in singing the Marseillaise," said General Catroux, their commander—Georges Catroux, who as an Army Commander wears on his sleeve five stars, yet is happy and proud to serve under De Gaulle, whose sleeve bears only the two stars of a brigadier.

WHEN the Free France movement was born a year ago De Gaulle was still very largely an unknown quantity. Then and for months afterwards our Foreign Office hesitated to support him to the uttermost, since they clung to the belief that the Vichy government would sooner or later revolt against the Nazis. That belief, so pathetically misguided, is still not dead, neither here nor in America. Then the General was politically inexperienced—he was and is a soldier rather than a politician—and he was a newcomer to the world's stage. But today his position amongst his own people, as with us, is unchallengeable. "The psychological value of De Gaulle to us," said a foreign expert in a B.B.C. broadcast the other evening, "is that he provides a focus for all French people who are determined to carry on the fight. . . . He is one of the most distinguished Frenchmen who had the courage to sever all ties with their country, to accept the inevitable sentence of outlawry and even death. He is a first-class strategist, a man of the most uncompromising integrity, and enjoys the trust and friendship of the Prime Minister."

All over the world Frenchmen of valiant spirit are rallying to his standard. "Some come by canoe or by tramping for months through the jungle swamps. They come from Dakar, from France, Tibet and Indo-China. There are scientists, soldiers, priests and peasants, all guided by the same ideal. They are the cream of France." So writes a neutral journalist from Brazzaville, in French Equatorial Africa.

THE Free French movement is, then, no "ramp" run at the British taxpayer's expense, but something which is having a very real and solid effect on the prospect of winning the war. So on this first anniversary, *Vive De Gaulle! Vive la France Libre!*

E. ROYSTON PIKE

GEN. DE GAULLE broadcasting from the Free French headquarters in Cairo. On his right is Gen. Georges Catroux, Commander of the Free French Forces in the Middle East, and a great authority on French colonial matters. *Photo, Wide World*

'We Come to Proclaim Syria Free'

Although the invasion of Syria was determined by the resolve (stated by the British Government on July 1, 1940, after the collapse of France) not to "allow Syria or the Lebanon to be occupied by any hostile power, or to be used as a base for attacks upon those countries in the Middle East which they are pledged to defend, or to become the scene of such disorder as to constitute a danger to those countries," the Allies took with them the promise of independence.

For the second time in little more than twenty years Syria has been proclaimed free and independent.

The first time was after the last war, when, following upon the collapse of Turkey, the British and French governments jointly declared their intention of establishing in Syria, as in Mesopotamia, "national governments, drawing their authority from the initiative and free choice of the native populations." Inspired by this declaration, the leading Arabs of Damascus offered the crown of Syria to Feisal, son of King Hussein of the Hedjaz in Arabia. But Feisal's reign was short. After prolonged and acrimonious deliberation the peacemakers in Paris decided that Syria should be one of the mandated territories of the League of Nations, and awarded the mandate to France. Whereupon Feisal was driven out of Syria by the French, although his friendship with the British secured him the throne of Iraq instead.

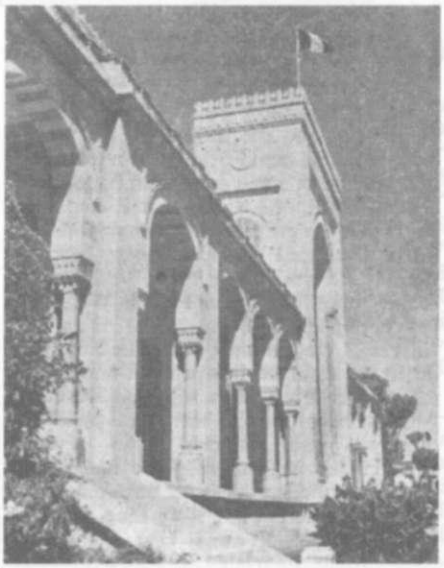
France proceeded to reorganize Syria into four states: Syria proper, with its capital at Damascus; the Lebanon, capital Beirut, which was also made the seat of the French mandate administration; Latakia, the land of the Alouites; and the Jebel Druse. One of the objects of this partition was to weaken the Syrian opposition to French rule; but for many years that opposition continued—indeed, it has continued until this day. There were riots at the outset; then in 1925 the Druses rose in open rebellion, and soon the whole country was aflame. Not until Damascus had been bombarded by the French troops and largely laid in ruins was the insurrection subdued. After this bloodshed there was an attempt at conciliation, but still the story of French rule was unhappy. France sent to Syria no administrator of the quality of Lyautey, her proconsul in Morocco. She drained the country of its money and resources, and contributed little or nothing in return. The officials at Beirut were chiefly concerned with keeping in check the tides of Syrian nationalism. Only in Lebanon were the French really at home, and that was because Lebanon is largely Christian and has had many cultural contacts with France for generations past.

By 1936 it was plain that the policy of conciliation had failed, just as the policy of repression had failed before it. Following another outbreak of riot and disorder, the French Government promised to grant Syria a status like that which Britain had just accorded to Iraq, and when M. Blum took office in June of that year treaties were negotiated with both Syria and Lebanon.

When the Mandate Should End

In effect, France agreed to end the mandate and abandon the country. Towards the end of the year treaties of friendship and alliance were signed in Paris between France and Syria and France and Lebanon, which provided that the two states should receive their independence after three years, although they should also conclude a 25-year alliance with France and permit the maintenance of French garrisons in certain strategic areas. Local autonomy was granted to Jebel Druse and Latakia.

The promise of freedom was illusory, however. Although the treaties were ratified by Syria and Lebanon, the French Government were in no haste to carry out their part of the bargain. Not until August 1938 was the next step taken, when it was declared in Paris that the transfer of functions from France to the Syrian administration should be made in February 1939, and Syria was to be admitted to the League of Nations in the following September. But M. Bonnet, who was then Foreign Minister, refused to bring the treaty before the French Chamber for ratification, and the French High Commissioner in Syria, M. Puaux, made it known that he himself was in favour of prolonging the mandatory regime. There was a passionate outburst of nationalist feeling in Syria, whereupon the High Commissioner suspended the constitution. The state of high tension continued into the war period, and was by no means ended when France collapsed in the summer of 1940. On the contrary, the nationalists were encouraged in their demand for complete independence.

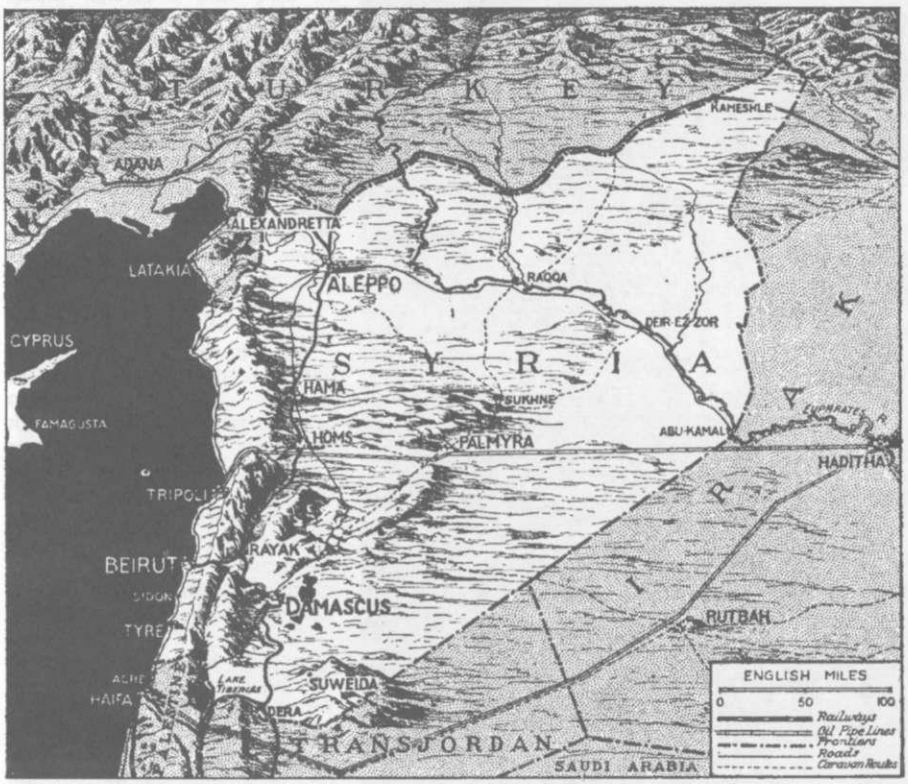


BEIRUT, capital of the Lebanon, is the headquarters of the High Commissioner of the French Levant, whose official residence is seen above. *Photo, Mrs. T. Muir*

The French authorities, dispirited and disillusioned by the result of the fighting in France, were quite unable to maintain their position and prestige; following the armistice with Germany and Italy, Syria seemed ripe for Axis penetration. Now, however, the situation is being transformed. Since it was plain that the French authorities were not in a position to defend their territory against Nazi aggression; since, moreover, they had completely failed to win the confidence and support of the peoples entrusted to their rule—the Allies in the Middle East decided to act, and on June 8 an army of Free French, British, Imperial, and Indian troops crossed the frontiers from Palestine, Transjordan, and Iraq.

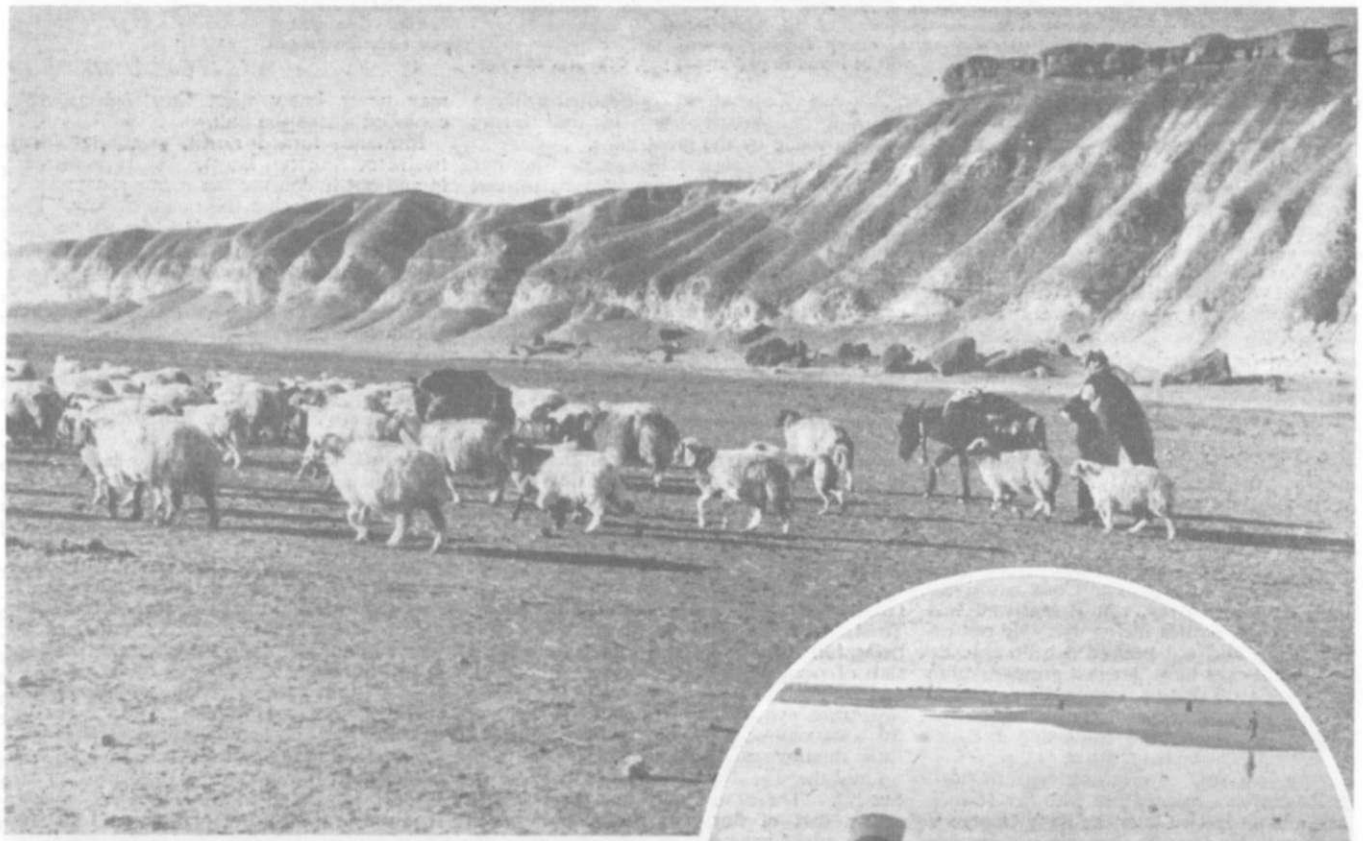
General Catroux's Proclamation

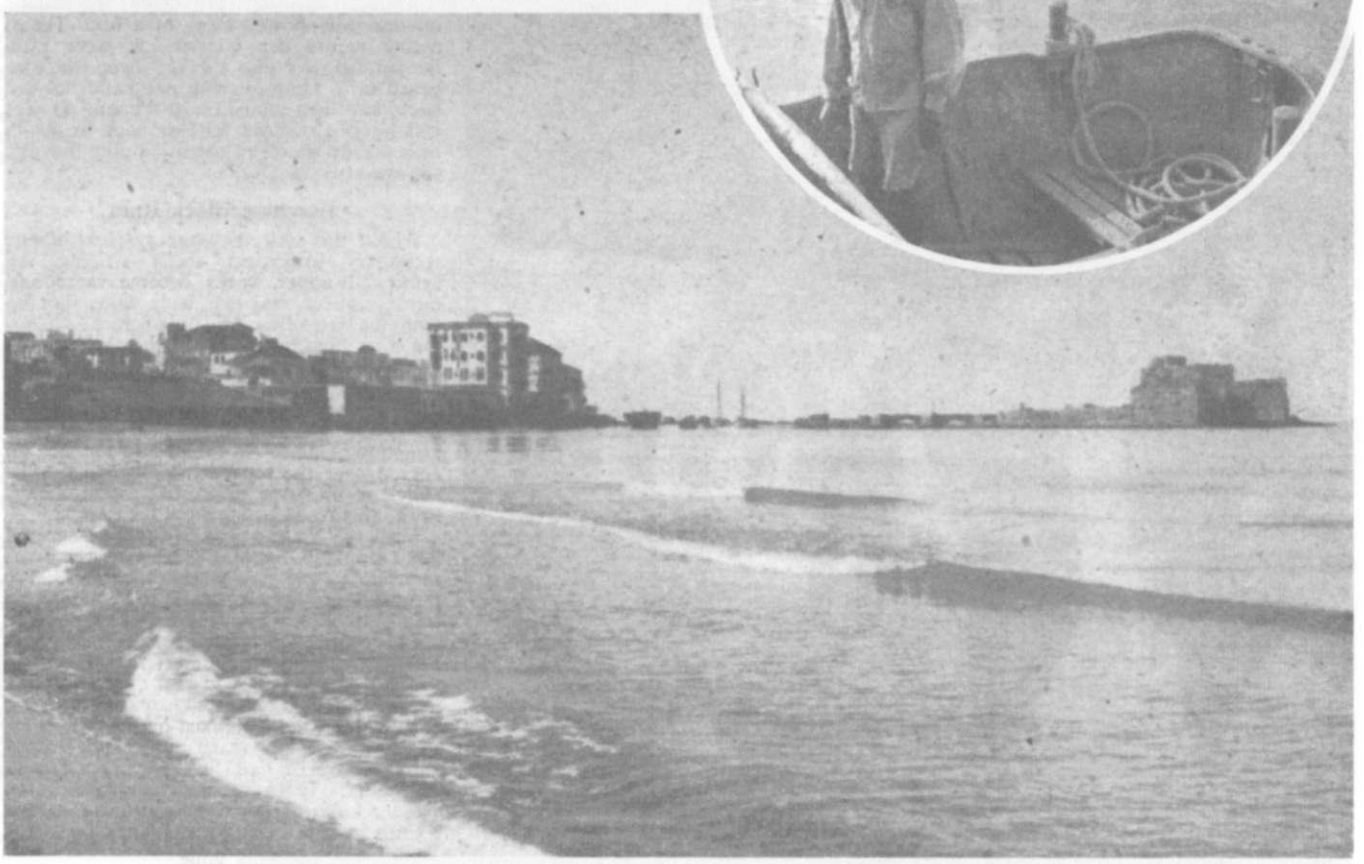
"Inhabitants of Syria and the Lebanon," proclaimed General Catroux, Commander of the Free French forces in the Middle East, "at the moment when the forces of Free France, united with the forces of the British Empire, her Ally, are entering your territory, I declare that I assume the powers, responsibilities and duties of the representative of *La France au Levant*. I do this in the name of Free France, who identifies herself with the traditional and real France, and in the name of her chief, General de Gaulle. In this capacity I come to put an end to the mandatory regime and to proclaim you free and independent. You will therefore be from henceforward sovereign and independent peoples, and you will be able either to form yourselves into separate States or to unite into a single State."



Syria's principal port of call is Beirut, towards which an Allied column moved north along the coastal road. In the north of Syria a British column from Irak proceeded in the direction of Aleppo, second largest city of Syria, on the airfield of which the Germans, with the connivance of Vichy, had landed numbers of bombers and transports.
Map in relief specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Felix Gardon*

Once Again the Bible Lands a Battlefield





IN ANCIENT SYRIA, battleground of the Middle Ages, a new Crusade against the Crooked Cross is raging. The Biblical scene above, near Aleppo, once the stronghold of Saladin's sons, shows the level plains hemmed in by steep escarpments, typical of the country. The Nazi-controlled aerodrome at Aleppo has been heavily bombed by the R.A.F. Along the valley of the Euphrates (centre) an Allied column is progressing, and another captured Sidon, seen below, on June 15. *Photos, Mrs. T. Muir, Dorien Leigh*

'Closer, Get Closer Yet to the Bismarck!'

From 8.30 on the evening of May 26 until it was all over at about noon the next day—until, that is, the Bismarck had been fought to a finish and sent to the bottom—the officer whose story we give below was on the bridge of the King George V, Admiral Tovey's flagship. The official Admiralty account of the action appears in page 580, and other descriptions and illustrations will be found in pages 582, 583, 612-613, and 645.

THROUGHOUT the night on the Admiral's bridge of the King George V we sat, stood, or leant like a covey of disembodied spirits. It was dark, windy, rainy. None of us will ever know if it was cold. About two o'clock in the morning cocoa appeared. We drank it gratefully, but it might equally well have been pitch-tar; none would have noticed.

At last daylight, patchy rain squalls, a flickering sun, a tearing wind from the north-west and a rising sea. A little manoeuvring and then on tin hats. Norfolk appears to the eastward: "Enemy in sight twelve miles to the south of me," she says. A little change of course; Rodney opens out to port a little more. "Enemy in sight." Well, I couldn't see him; it is the aloft gun director who can see him. And then, veiled in distant rainfall, is a thick squat ghost of a ship, very broad in the beam, coming straight towards us, end on.

There is a sudden shift of wind and a squall of rain dashes across. The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Tovey, saw it first and was giving orders to alter the course. He put on his tin hat, and out poured a little cascade of water all over him. He just grinned, quite undisturbed by that or, indeed, by any other incident of this five-day chase, which his brilliant judgement and leadership brought to a close in triumphant battle.

There is a sort of cracking roar to port: the Rodney has opened fire with her 16-inch guns, and an instant later the King George V lets fly with her 14-inch. The compass bounds out of its binnacle; my battle bowler tips over my nose and clatters down to the deck; and a pile of signal papers shoots up like a fountain and swirls away in the tearing draught made by the great guns.

I have my glasses on Bismarck. She fires all four guns from her two forward turrets, four thin orange flames. The Germans have a reputation for hitting with their early salvos. Now I know what suspended animation means. It seems to take about two hours for those shots to fall! The splashes shoot up opposite but beyond Rodney's fo'c'sle. I'm sorry to say that we all thought, "Thank heavens, she's shooting at Rodney." My second thought was that I wouldn't care to be facing nine 16-inch and ten 14-inch guns; I just kept my binoculars glued to Bismarck. Rodney's first salvo produced great white columns of water 120 ft. high that would break the back of a destroyer and sink her like a stone if she steamed through one of them.

Rodney's Deadly Fire

The second splash I missed—all except one shot which seemed to belong to King George V and was a little ahead of Bismarck. Then I watched Rodney to see if she was being hit, but she just sat there like a great slab of rock blocking the northern horizon, and suddenly belched a full salvo. I actually saw these projectiles flying through the air for some seconds after they left the guns like little diminishing footballs curving up and up into the sky. Now, I am sure that four or five hit. There was only one great splash, and a sort of flurry of spray and splash which might have been a waterline hit. The others had bored their way through the Krupp armour belt like cheese; and pray God I may never know what they did as they exploded inside the hull.

Bismarck turned north, steaming about twelve or fourteen knots. We kept turning in and out to confuse the enemy rangetakers, all the while closing the range rapidly. The Admiral kept on saying, "Close the range; get closer; get closer. I can't see enough hits!" And so we closed the range.

But although you couldn't see the hits they were there right enough. Somewhere about the eighth salvo there was a fire on the fo'c'sle which seemed to envelop the upper turret, and one observer tells me he saw a huge plate torn away from the tail of it. She turned away, then back, writhing it seemed, under the most merciless hail of high-explosive armour-piercing shells that any ship has, I suppose, ever faced. There was no escape for Bismarck; our fellows just went on pumping it out in a steady succession of shattering roars.

Smoke shot up, perhaps in an endeavour to screen herself, but it quickly blew away. And then I noticed her two rear turrets firing at us. There was a sort of shudder somewhere in our stern and I glanced that way for a hit—but there was no sign of it. A little later I heard the first whine of her 15-inch shell; it was a straddling shot over our fo'c'sle, one short and three overs. I wondered if the next would hit, and found myself edging into the doorway at the back of the bridge. It wouldn't have helped very much; it is only splash-proof plating, so I stepped forward again to see how Bismarck was getting along.

And an extraordinary sight met my eyes. The action had been going perhaps twenty minutes; some of her secondary armament and certainly two of the great turrets were still firing, perhaps a little wildly, for nobody on our side showed signs of a hit. There, racing across her quarterdeck were little human figures; one climbed over the wire guard rails, hung on with one hand, looked back, and then jumped into the sea. Others just jumped without looking back at all—a little steady trickle of them jumping into the sea one after another.

'Lurching Black Ruin'

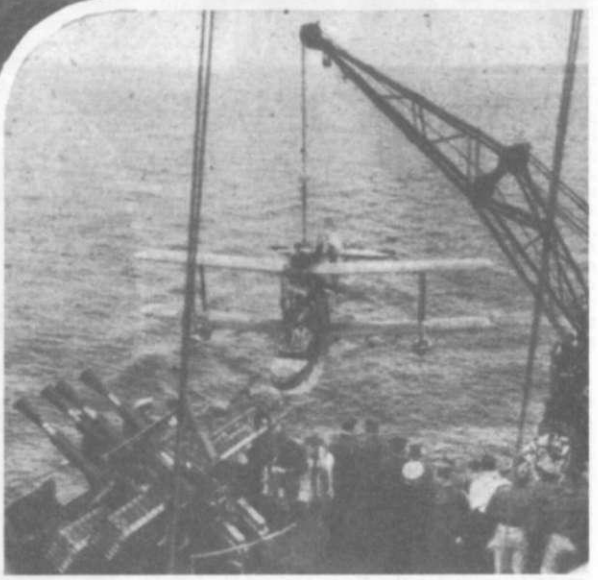
About this time the coppery glow of our secondary armament shells striking the armoured upper works became more and more frequent, and one fierce flame shot up from the base of the bridge structure enveloping it as high as and including the spotting top for a flickering second. Every man there must have been incinerated. There was no smoke; the heat had consumed it. Once I saw evidently a small-calibre shell afire, for a swift arc of flame shot high into the air and curved over the top of the mainmast. She still kept up some speed, but seemed heavy in the water and had a slight list to port.

Well, we just shot the guns out of her and left a smoking, lurching black ruin. It made one feel a little sick to see such a mighty powerful vessel brought to the state of an impotent hulk. Only her slow, wallowing speed seemed still to give her life, and those little jumping figures at the stern. It was like a dog that has been run over; someone had got to finish him off—because her colours are still flying at the mainmast head.

Our battleships turned away, and Dorsetshire closed in and finished her off with torpedoes. When we were about ten miles off, the hulk turned over to port, floated for a little bottom up, and then, with a lift of the bows, was suddenly gone.

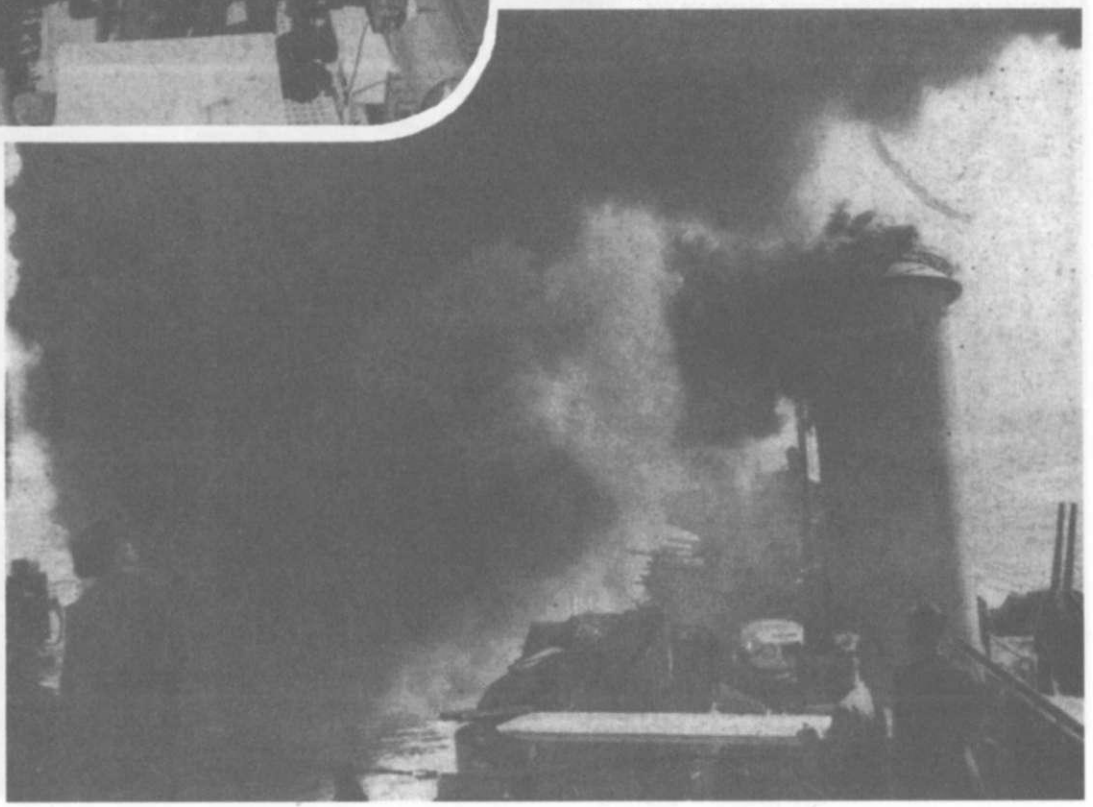
ADMIRAL SIR J. C. TOVEY (left), Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, takes a turn with the Captain (Capt. J. C. Leach) on the quarterdeck of H.M.S. Prince of Wales, the giant battleship which took part in the hunting of the Bismarck. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Sheffield Shadowed the Bismarck



Top right, Captain C. A. A. Larcom, R.N., Captain of the Sheffield, who shadowed the Bismarck on the evening of May 26. Above, a Supermarine Walrus amphibian flying-boat being hoisted aboard H.M.S. Sheffield. In the foreground is a deadly type of A.A. heavy machine-gun battery.

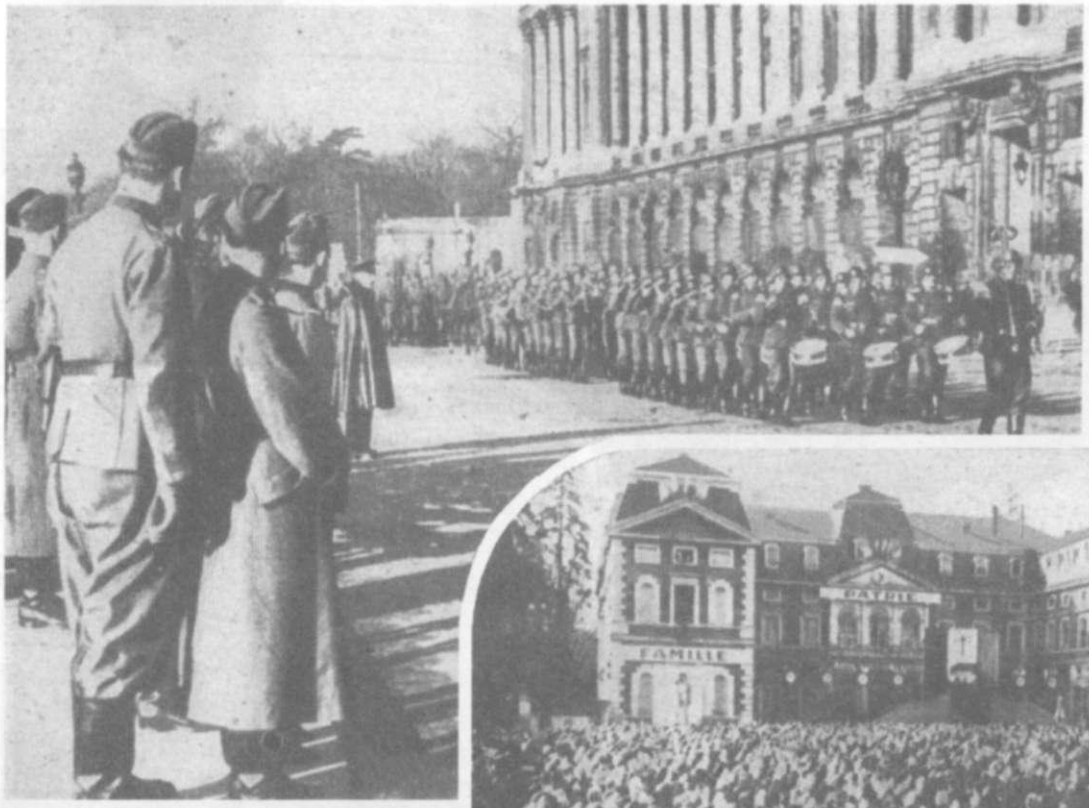
Spray frames the forecastle and bridge of H.M.S. Sheffield as this 9,100-ton cruiser of the Southampton class ploughs through the seas. The barrels of her six forward 6-inch guns are visible below the bridge. Six more are mounted in the stern. H.M.S. Sheffield was completed in 1937. Her speed is rated at 32 knots, and she carries a normal complement of 700.



H.M.S. Sheffield making a black smoke screen. The different types of smoke screen and the way they are made is fully described in pages 296-297 of this Vol. In this photograph some of the Sheffield's eight 4-inch A.A. guns are visible to port and starboard.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

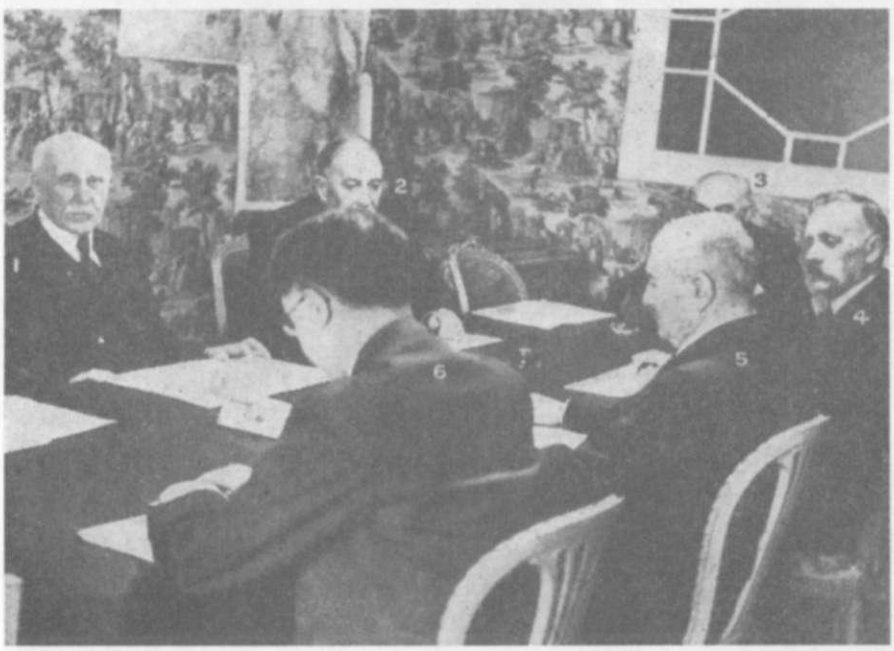
Where Now Are 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité'?



Outside the Hotel Crillon in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, German troops parade, watched by an admiring crowd—of Germans.

The now familiar theatrical propaganda stunts of the Totalitarian states have penetrated into France. Outstretched hands greet Marshal Pétain at Le Puy with a regimented salute as he stands on the draped dais. The new slogan: "Family—Fatherland—Work" replaces the old "Liberty—Equality—Fraternity."

IN unhappy France today Admiral Darlan is the power behind the throne—the throne being symbolized in this case by the octogenarian Marshal Pétain. At the recent sessions of the Ministerial Council in Vichy, Darlan, fresh from his meeting with Hitler, openly declared himself ready to work for the Nazis against his former ally, Britain, should she attempt to forestall Germany's occupation of Syria. But in the event Hitler decided that, in its opening stages at least, the conflict in Syria was a matter for Vichy France to fight out alone. And the French people are not anxious for war with Britain—or any other power.



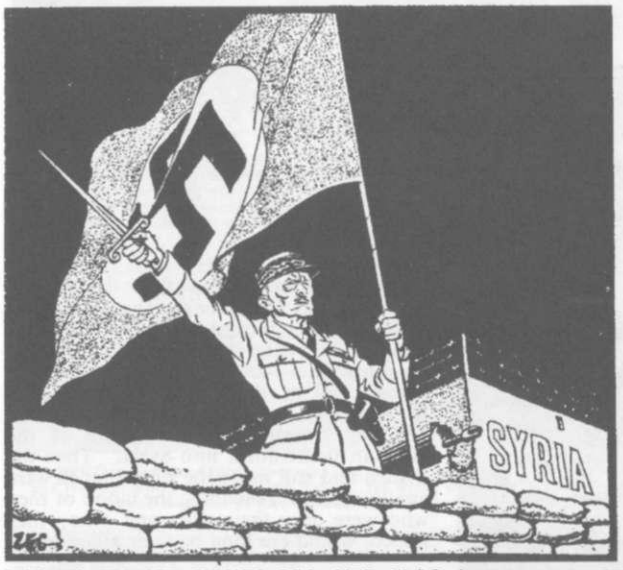
THE MEN OF VICHY sink lower and lower in their truckling to the Nazis, euphemistically spoken of as "collaboration." Above, Darlan reports to the Ministerial Council in Vichy after his meeting with Hitler. 1. Marshal Pétain; 2. Joseph Barthélemy, Minister of Justice; 3. Henri Moysset, General Secretary; 4. Pierre Caziot, Minister of Agriculture; 5. Admiral Darlan; 6. Yves Bouthillie, Minister of Economy. Right, Marshal Pétain at Vichy. *Photos, Keystone and Associated Press*

Slow Progress in the Invasion of Syria

Early on the morning of Sunday, June 8, an Allied Army consisting of British, Anzac, Canadian and Indian troops and a Free French force, the whole being commanded by General Sir Maitland Wilson, crossed the frontier into Syria from the adjoining territories under British control. The situation after a week of rather confused manœuvre and fighting is summed up below. An article on the political background in Syria is given in page 628.

"OUR men went in singing the Marseillaise," General Catroux, Commander of the Free French forces in the Near East, announced over the Palestine radio on the day when the Allies invaded Syria. They were accompanied by wagons loaded with foodstuffs for the Syrian population, and their advance was heralded by loud-speaker vans from which came every few moments the announcement: "We are coming to chase out the enemy and wash out the shame of Vichy's capitulations. It is humiliating, perfidious Vichy which has precipitated war in the Levant."

Zero hour was at 2 a.m. on Sunday, June 8, and for hours before Bren-gun carriers, tanks, guns and lorries of every description had been taking up their places just behind the frontier.



[VICHY] FRANCE FIGHTS FOR HER FLAG
Cartoon by Zec from "The Daily Mirror"

"During the night of waiting," wrote Arthur Merton, "Daily Telegraph" Special Correspondent, "before the advance, officers and men were in a curious mood. There was no joking about this job, as there had been about the Libyan, Greek, and even Crete fighting; there was only a quiet resolution to see an unpleasant task through. But as a battery of guns jolted along the crews sang, appropriately enough, "South of the Border." The brilliance of the moonlight touched the whole scene with an eerie quality which gave to the watcher a sense of unreality. A force of English cavalry went by, with the clink of sword against stirrup. It was like a scene from an earlier war as they trotted along."

Australian infantry were the first to cross. Stealing swiftly and silently across No-man's land at 2.45 they captured two French police posts and a frontier post and then pushed on to assail the forts of Klair and Khaim, seven miles away, situated on promontories overlooking the plains of cultivated fields and olive groves. These subdued, the Australians proceeded along the road to Merj Ayun and beyond. Meanwhile, other columns were progressing to west and east along the coast from Nakura towards Tyre, and from the Jordan valley in the direction of Damascus. Yet other columns were reported to have crossed the frontier from Iraq and to be heading for Damascus from the east.

In the central sector Quneitra was captured early in the week. Reuter's Correspondent has told how he came up with a famous English regiment supported by British and Imperial artillery and Indian sappers who had just occupied the town. Standing outside the deserted barracks where a crowd of smiling Arabs and Syrians gazed in bewilderment at the lorry-loads of dusky Indians, a British colonel described the operation. "We crossed the Jordan early on Sunday morning," he said. "We got bumped a bit from the enemy who was concealed on the ridges, with rifle, machine-gun and mortar fire and tanks, but we suffered only four casualties. Reaching the outskirts of Quneitra we sent in an officer on a Bren carrier with a white flag and asked for the surrender of the place. The officer was received by French officers who were very friendly and showed every wish to join the British, but who said their 'scoundrel' of a commandant had given them orders to fight on. The officer returned with the message that the commander refused to surrender and intended to fight. We shelled the enemy positions all night, and in the early morning we went in and found the troops had fled."

In their coastal advance the invaders occupied Tyre on the Sunday evening. There was a brush or two outside the town, a charge by Spahi horsemen broken up by the Allied fire, and then the British swept in. "I drove up," said the major who received the town's surrender, "and Lebanese police came out. They gave me a cigarette and I handed mine round. They handed over their rifles saying they were tired of being French policemen, anyhow, and would prefer to become British police. I gave them back their rifles and said that suited me all right. Then we saluted and shook hands all round."

After Tyre the advance continued until the Litani River was reached. Here the French had taken up strong positions. The attack was delivered on the night of Tuesday, June 10. Alan Moorehead of the "Daily Express" was there and has described the fight.

"No car lights showed. We snuffed out our cigarettes. Hundreds of men, strapped with full marching kit, showed in faint outline on both sides of the road. They were lying in ploughed furrows and only a sudden laugh in the darkness or the tearing noise of a Bren-gun carrier or tank broke the tension of the electric moment when troops are waiting to go over the top. The column of vehicles stopped, moved on again, stopped again, and then the British artillery cut the stillness with the heaviest barrage ever seen in Syria. It was now early morning. There were two more barrages within an hour. All this time we were moving on the river. As the last barrage stopped, infantry and tanks charged along the river flat.

"Engineers breaking through a banana plantation dammed back a section of the fast, green stream and whipped a pontoon bridge across. Over it went tanks, guns, men and ambulances. They found themselves at first in an Italian fruit-tree garden lined with cypresses. French shots were smashing down the branches of banana and olive trees. Beyond the garden the British climbed sharply into the dark, wooded hills where the French 75 shells were coming from.

"Already there was chaos in the French lines. A British force of shock troops landed from the sea behind the French positions was wreaking havoc. This force had first rowed, then waded neck deep ashore not half a mile from the French

SYRIA, showing principal Allied thrusts along the coastline by Tyre and Sidon, towards Damascus from the south, towards Deir ez Zor and Ras el Ain, indicated by black arrows. Airfields are also marked. Inset: Map of Damascus, Beirut and Lake Tiberias area, with names of places mentioned in the fighting up to June 12, 1941.

Stiff Resistance to the Allies' Advance

batteries." Meanwhile a second section of the sea force rounded on the river and dealt with the French machine-gunners under the fruit trees, while the third section turned northwards. Within 15 minutes of landing one soldier had smashed his way into the French barracks and hauled down the flag from the masthead. He brought the flag back to his captain.

Continuing along the coast, the British and Australians next attacked Sidon. For three days the ancient city was battered by gunfire and tank attacks, while in the orange groves there was the intermittent fusillade of machine-gun and rifle fire. There was bombardment from the sea, too, as British light cruisers and destroyers came into action.

A week after hostilities began the penetration was reported to be proceeding satisfactorily. The Allies were within 12 miles of Beirut, while Damascus was almost surrounded; the situation there, indeed, was such that the city could have been stormed, but the Allies, wise in their generation, were resolved not to repeat the mistake made by General Sarrail in 1925 when he bombarded this holy city of Islam.

These Free French soldiers who fought magnificently in the Western Desert are confident of victory. So are those now advancing into Syria under General Legentilhomme, seen on the left.

Sultan el Atrah Pasha, head of the Druse tribes, who led a Druse revolt against the French in Syria in 1926, is reported to have joined the Allies with 10,000 men.

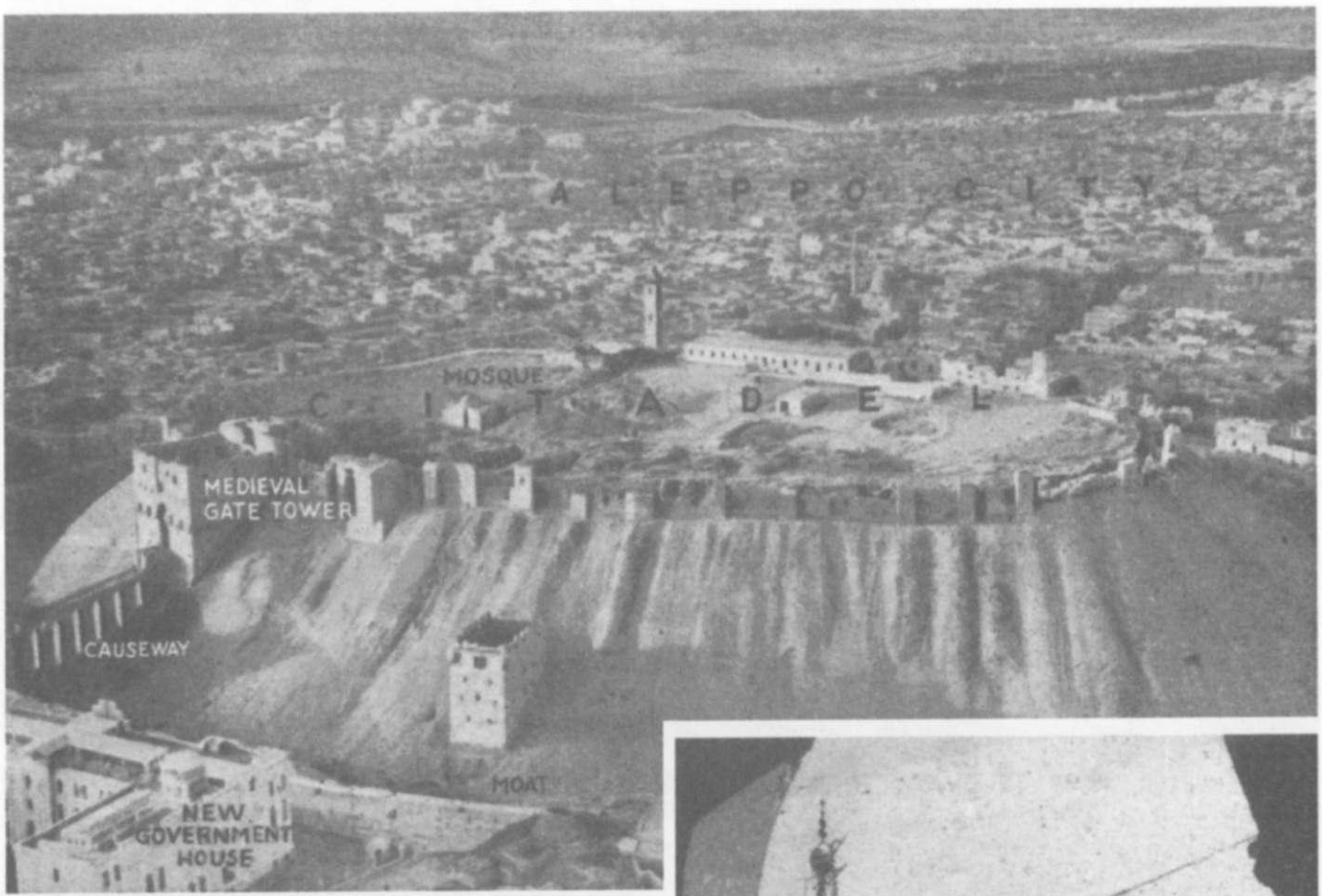
From the beginning Vichy France had taken a very pessimistic view of the situation. Even on June 9 the Vichy News Agency reported that though the French troops in Syria were everywhere "putting up lively resistance against the British and de Gaulliste forces," the British forces were "markedly superior, especially in armoured equipment. The difficulties of defending the territories of the Levant for an army which has only weak forces at its disposal are pointed out in Vichy. Supplying this army, not only with arms and munitions but with food and fuel, is practically impossible." Confirmation of this state of affairs was provided by the prisoners taken. Thus one man, after describing the fighting north of Sidon as appalling, said that the French continued their resistance because they had been told that Britain was trying to annex Syria as a colony. "We have been fighting our best," he said, "even though headquarters does not seem to care what happens to us. We have had no food or water since we arrived at Sidon. We have been allowed no rest and been given no news except atrocity stories about what the British were doing to our men. Yet we have done our best, believing we were defending Syria."

In those remarks lay tragedy. It was admitted by the Allies that the French resistance was far stronger than had been anticipated; sufficient allowance had not been made for the traditional loyalty of the French soldier—native and colonial—to his officers and of the officers to their chiefs. Moreover, few of the rank and file, at least, had any knowledge of the extent of the German penetration into Syria. Then the British and still more the Free French were anxious to avoid shedding the blood of men who were once their allies and who, they hoped, would ere long be their allies again.

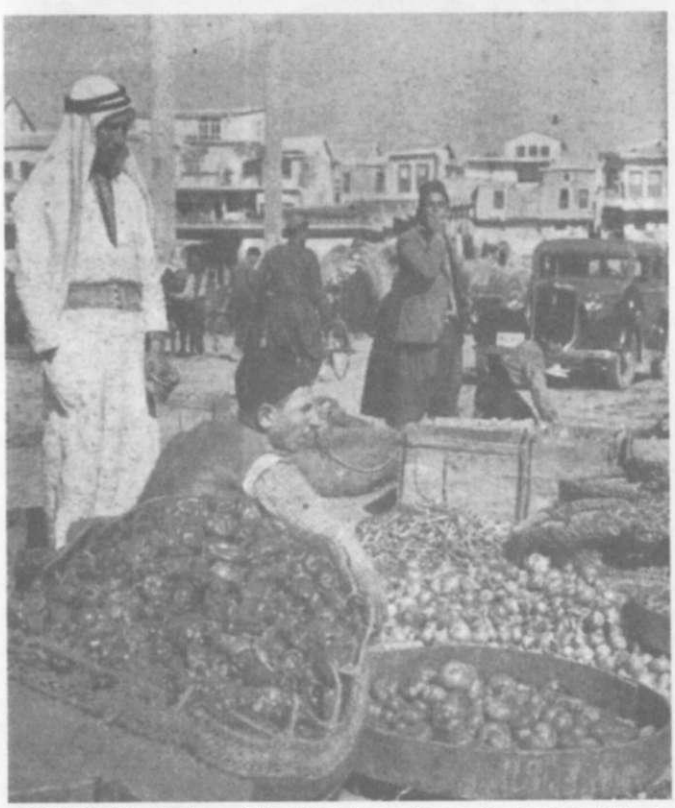
A camel on a desert aerodrome is a striking illustration of the contrast between old and new forms of locomotion. The new in this case is very new, for it is one of the latest Tomahawk aircraft now being used in Syria and elsewhere in the Middle East. (See also p. 487.)

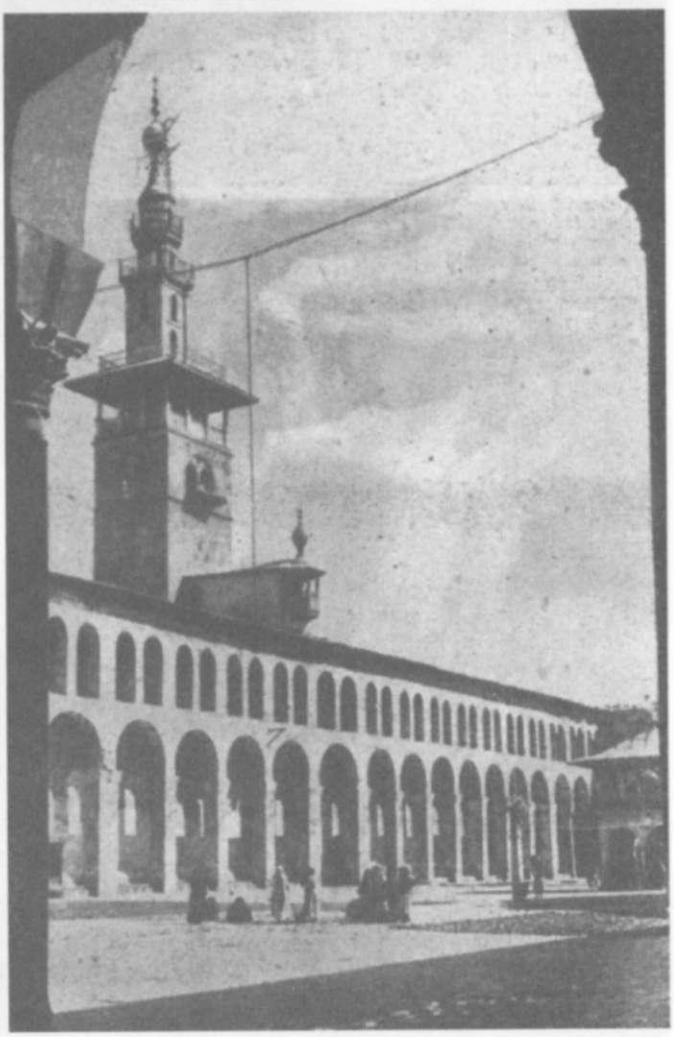
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright, Planet News

Outposts in Syria of Vichy France



ALEPPO, here seen from the air, is a city of about 180,000 inhabitants, the market-place of Northern Syria. Its most distinctive feature is the great fortress of the Saracens, seen jn the foreground.

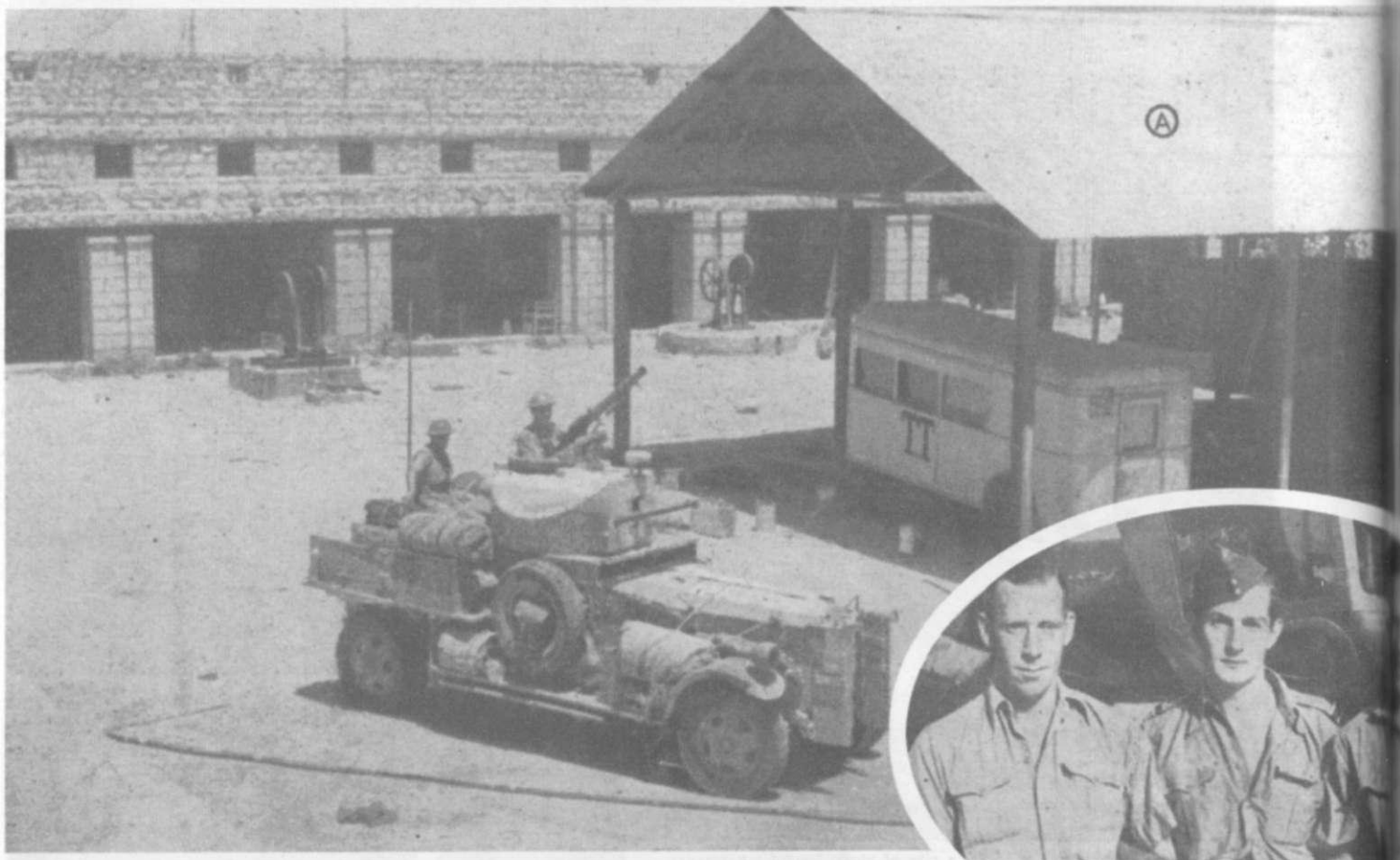




DAMASCUS, objective of the Allied Forces, lies on the borders of the Syrian desert in the Ruta, a large oasis. Capital of the Syrian Republic, it has a population of 194,000. Left, the fruit market showing produce from the luxuriant orchards which surround the town. Right, the Great Mosque, originally the church of Saint John Baptist, built by Theodosius I (346-95). After the conquest of the city by the Arabs the church was assigned to the Moslems and in 708 was transformed into the present mosque.

Photos, Paul Popper, Mrs. T. Muir, Dorien Leigh

The Fighting in Iraq: Scenes from the Short-liv British Campaign

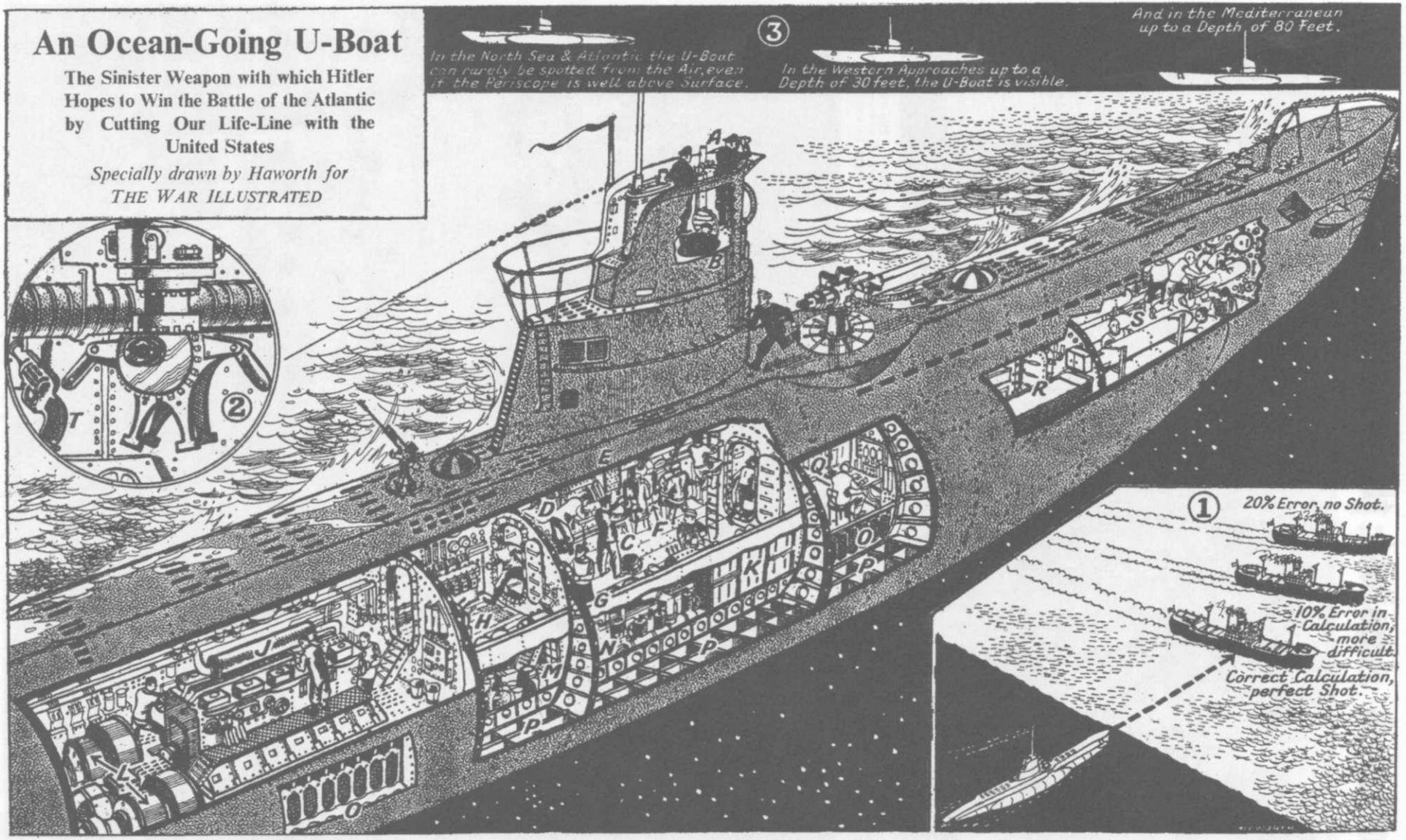


Here are some of Raschid Ali's army taken p
observer, pilot and air gunner of an R.A.F. bo
Despite rifle and machine-gun fire fr

An Ocean-Going U-Boat

The Sinister Weapon with which Hitler Hopes to Win the Battle of the Atlantic by Cutting Our Life-Line with the United States

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



A TYPICAL UNDER-SEA RAIDER, the surface weight being about 740 tons, with a speed of 18 knots (8 knots below surface). The crew number 40. The Commander (A) is on the bridge of the conning-tower and is examining a likely victim through his binoculars. He will try to calculate its speed and course so that he can take the U-boat underwater to a point which will give a good target for the torpedoes (see diagram 1), which have an effective range of 1,000 yards. Boats of this type may well constitute the "wolf-packs," based upon French ports, of which German propaganda has boasted.

The Controls

The hatch (B) leads down into the control-room. Here a petty officer (C) is raising one of the twin periscopes from its well in the floor. The navigator (D) is seen at his charts. This man plots the course and works the electric-signal board (E), whence the commander's instructions are relayed throughout the U-boat. Two men at (F) operate the diving rudders which control up and down movementss.

Below surface the steering is carried out at (G), while surface steering arrangements are seen behind the Commander. (H) is the main switch-room and (J) the diesel engines, which drive the U-boat on the surface and also keep charged the powerful batteries, small portion seen at (K), which in turn provide power for the electric motors, partly shown at (L), which propel the vessel under water. (M) is a store-room and (N) the pump-room. The metal bottles (O) contain the vital compressed air (also recharged by the diesel engines), which makes the ship buoyant by driving out water ballast from the external tanks seen at (P). The wireless cabin is at (Q) and Commander's cabin at (R).

Firing the Torpedoes

Torpedoes are seen being loaded into the four forward tubes at (S) and there are two similar tubes in the stern. The large gun on the deck is a 4·1 inch and the small one a one-pounder A.A. gun.

The inset picture (2) shows a detail of the periscope eye-piece, which the Commander can turn round by means of the handles. When he has the target full in vision he grasps the pistol grip (T) and, pulling the trigger, fires off a torpedo.

The diagram, bottom right (1), shows how small a margin of error is permissible in aiming a torpedo.

Aircraft of the Coastal Command have taken a heavy toll of these U-boats, and diagram (3) shows the depth at which U-boats can be spotted from the air in different waters.

New Methods for Fighting Britain's Fires

For too long the full extent of the menace of incendiary attacks upon our cities remained unrecognized. Now at length a re-organization of the fire-fighting services has been embarked upon which, had it been launched even a little sooner, would have saved the country much material destruction, not to mention the accompanying loss of life.

THE heroic manner in which the men of the fire services in this country, both regular and auxiliary, have acquitted themselves under an ordeal which could hardly have been imagined before the war, is common knowledge. The country has for these men nothing but praise; criticism of the fire service there was, and it increased as the incendiary attacks of the enemy grew heavier and material destruction increased, but this criticism was directed entirely against defects in organization, and particularly against the system of basing the fire army of Britain on local authority areas, with its resulting delays and red-tape hindrances.

The need for replanning became more and more obvious with every raid, and the various anomalies of local control impeded the efficiency of the service as a whole. One serious drawback was the lack of national ranking in the fire service, so that a senior officer of one brigade might find himself with no authority at all over the firemen of another engaged in the same area.

Sometimes, when a call for aid was sent out, reinforcements arrived quite unfamiliar with the town or its water supplies, and then they were called upon to handle equipment of which they had had practically no experience. Sometimes a street in a city would be ablaze while pumps and crews stood idle in another part.

Then, again, many high officers in the service combined their appointment with other duties, which meant that they were unable to devote the whole of their energies to the brigades under their control, although an enormous responsibility might fall upon their shoulders at any moment should their area be heavily attacked. Moreover, the mobility so essential for the effective use of the fire-fighting services depends to a very large extent on the organization and administration of local brigades, and the control of their movements has to be closely co-ordinated, a process very difficult when responsibility is divided between the Government and numerous local authorities each with absolute control over its own brigades.

Small wonder then that public opinion demanded a radical reorganization of the country's fire-fighting services on a national basis. The great fire blitz of May 10 brought matters to a head, and Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, after conferring with representatives of local authorities throughout the country, announced that sweeping reforms were to be put into operation without delay. In the new home of the House of Commons on May 13, 1941, he told the House of the changes he contemplated, and concluded by saying: "The Government has decided to seek firm Parliamentary powers to place the whole fire brigade resources of the country under the general control of the Home Secretary and the Secretary for Scotland with a view to the regrouping of the resources into larger units for purposes of administration and control, with unity of command over each force, and to constituting mobile fire-fighting units for reinforcing purposes or other special duties."

All-England Fire Service

Details of the new scheme as far as it affected England and Wales were announced on June 9. A Fire Service Council was set up, with the Chief of the London Fire Brigade, Commander A. N. G. Firebrace, as Chief of the Fire Staff, and including also among its members the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. W. Mabane, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Security, and Miss Ellen Wilkinson.

The new fire forces are to be grouped on the basis of strategical and tactical requirements instead of on local authorities' boundaries, and in place of the existing 1,400 local fire brigades there will be 32 fire forces in England and Wales, plus certain others in the London region. The 32 areas have been selected for operational efficiency ignoring county boundaries. Each of the new forces will be under the command of a "fire force commander."

Supervision of the fire force in each civil defence region will rest with the Regional Commissioner under the direction of the Secretary of State, but subject to this supervision the fire force commanders will have full administrative, executive and operational control of his force, and in the larger areas they will have deputies. At regional headquarters there will be a fire staff officer with a suitable staff, whose business it will be to undertake, under the Regional Commissioner, general supervision in the region. There are to be special staff and technical officers for such work as water supplies, control of transport, stores, communications, etc.

CDR. A. FIREBRACE, C.-in-C. of an army of 250,000 whole-time or part-time fire fighters under the new policy of putting this service on a national basis. *Photo, Associated Press*

The fire force commanders and fire staff officers will be appointed by the Secretary of State guided by the recommendations of a selection board, and they will have to have had practical experience of fire-fighting, preferably under war conditions, or of the administration of fire brigades. Officer posts will be filled on the basis of merit by appointments both from the regular service and from the A.F.S., and Mr. Mabane, deputy chairman of the new Fire Service Council, stressed the point that promotion would be open to the A.F.S. no less than to the regulars.

Ready for Instant Action

New mobile divisions, self-contained in equipment and transport, are being formed, and these will be rushed to any heavily-bombed area at short notice. The first of these divisions has already been formed in London, and is ready for action. It is composed of about a thousand officers and men, and its equipment includes 64 pumps, lorries which lay hose at the rate of 20 m.p.h., repair vans, water towers, foam units, ambulances and field kitchens. It will take with it tents and baggage so that, if need be, the firemen will have their own quarters.

Nor has the problem of water reserves been overlooked. All open water, such as ponds, rivers, canals and swimming pools, has been surveyed and large numbers of water storage basins have been provided.

GRIMSBY FIRE FLOATS in action in the docks area. The A.F.S. in this town is in charge of the Mayor, Councillor C. H. Wilkinson (inset), who has been awarded the M.B.E. for gallant conduct in helping to rescue 31 men from a sinking trawler. *Photos, G.P.U. and "Daily Mirror"*

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1941 *645th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of H.M. drifter Thistle and H.M. trawler Evesham.

Air.—British bombers made widespread daylight attacks on enemy shipping off Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. By night R.A.F. bombed objectives in the Ruhr, including Essen and Dortmund.

Africa.—R.A.F. made prolonged night raids on Benghazi and Derna. Fleet Air Arm attacked Tripoli.

Near East.—British and Free French troops, supported by R.A.F., crossed Syrian frontier at dawn. R.A.F. made heavy raids on harbour and aerodromes in Rhodes during night of June 8-9.

Home.—Sharp raid on S.W. coast town.

MONDAY, JUNE 9 *646th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced loss of A.A. cruiser Calcutta and destroyers Hereward and Imperial during evacuation of Crete.

Announced that two more enemy supply ships had been sunk in the Atlantic.

Africa.—In Abyssinia our troops continued their advance west of River Omo.

Near East.—Allied troops in Syria, supported by R.A.F. and R.A.A.F., progressed beyond Tyre and crossed River Litani.

Enemy aircraft attacked Haifa during the night; one plane shot down by A.A. fire. R.A.F. bombed aerodrome at Aleppo while Haifa raiders were returning; aerodromes in Rhodes also bombed.

Home.—A single enemy aircraft dropped bombs at one point in the north-east. H.M.S. Blencathra shot down an Me 109.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10 *647th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made daylight attacks on shipping off enemy coasts. By night strong force of Bomber Command attacked docks at Brest. Docks at St. Nazaire and aerodromes at Mandal and Stavanger also bombed.

Africa.—R.A.F. bombed the harbour at Benghazi, the aerodrome at Benina and landing-grounds at Derna, Gambut and Gazala. Fighter aircraft attacked enemy transport between Barce and Derna, destroying about 30 large tankers. Benghazi harbour and enemy aerodromes in Libya were also attacked during the night of June 10-11.

Near East.—Penetration of Allied forces into Syria proceeding satisfactorily. R.A.F. made heavy raids on aerodromes in Rhodes and at Aleppo.

Home.—Enemy activity by night was on a small scale, but in South Wales some damage and casualties were caused. One enemy bomber was destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11 *648th day*

Air.—R.A.F. attacked docks at Ymuiden and shipping at Zeebrugge. An enemy tanker destroyed in Straits of Dover. Fighters carried out offensive patrols over Northern France and Belgium.

By night the Bomber Command made a heavy attack on the Ruhr. Attacks were also made on Cologne and docks at Rotterdam and Boulogne. The Coastal Command and Fleet Air Arm attacked docks at Dunkirk and seaplane base at Norderney.

Africa.—R.A.F. continued to attack enemy motor transport and troops in Libya.

Near East.—Allied forces in Syria continued to make progress. Our bombers attacked the aerodrome at Palmyra.

Tel Aviv was raided by enemy aircraft.

Home.—Night raiders dropped bombs in many districts of England, but casualties were not heavy except at one point. Leaflets were dropped on villages in east of England.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12 *649th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced the loss of the monitor Terror and the gunboat Ladybird during operations off Libya.

German pocket battleship hit by torpedo from Beaufort bomber off Norway.

Confirmed in Washington that the American merchantman Robin Moor was torpedoed and sunk by a German U-boat on May 21.

Air.—R.A.F. attacked enemy shipping in the Channel.

Another heavy night raid by Bomber Command on the Ruhr. Coastal Command attacked docks at Brest and Antwerp.

Africa.—Announced from Cairo that Abyssinian Patriot forces have occupied Lekamti.

Capture of Assab by troops from H.M. ships and units of Royal Indian Navy announced.

Near East.—Allied forces in Syria, supported by R.A.F., made further important progress in all sectors. Shipping in the harbour at Beirut was attacked by R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm; one Vichy aircraft was shot down.

Home.—During the night enemy aircraft flew over eastern England. One destroyed.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13 *650th day*

Sea.—Cross-channel steamer St. Patrick sunk by dive-bombers near Fishguard.

Air.—Night raids over Ruhr continued, particularly in industrial district of Schwerte. Other forces attacked Brest docks.

Africa.—Belgian contingent advancing in Gambela area. Farther south operations progressing towards Jimma.

During night of 12-13 British troops at Tobruk considerably reduced salient held by enemy in outer defences.

R.A.F. destroyed 19 motor-transport vehicles between Gazala and Capuzzo. Heavy night raids on harbour at Benghazi and landing-grounds at Benina, Gazala and Derna.

Near East.—In Syria Allied forces made further progress in all sectors.

Nine Junkers, about to attack British naval forces near Sidon, driven off by R.A.A.F. fighters; three destroyed and others damaged.

Successful raids on aerodromes at Calato (Rhodes) and Aleppo.

Home.—Widespread but minor night attacks. Two day and seven night raiders destroyed.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14 *651st day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced further successful attacks by our submarines on ships and harbours in Mediterranean.

Announced that another enemy supply ship had been sunk in Atlantic.

Air.—R.A.F. fighters and bombers carried out widespread offensive operations over Channel and Northern France, including airfields at St. Omer. Cologne area heavily raided at night.

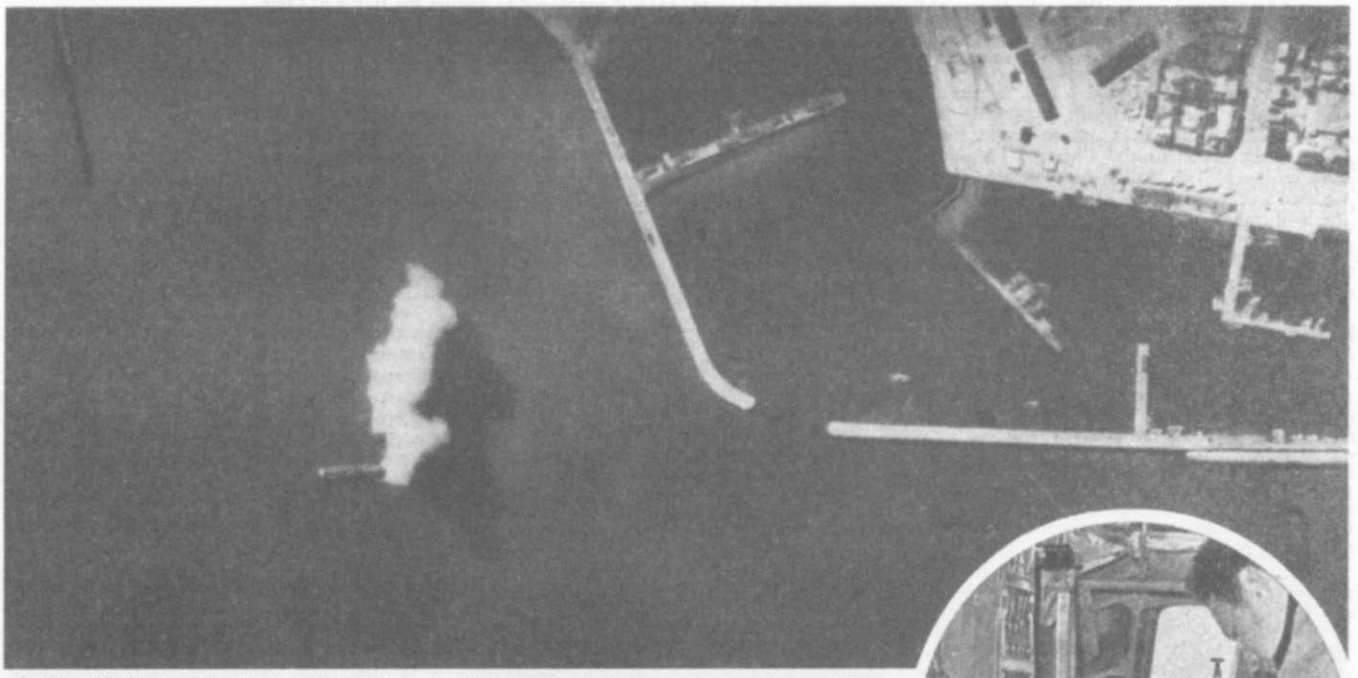
Africa.—Patriot forces completing encirclement of Jimma.

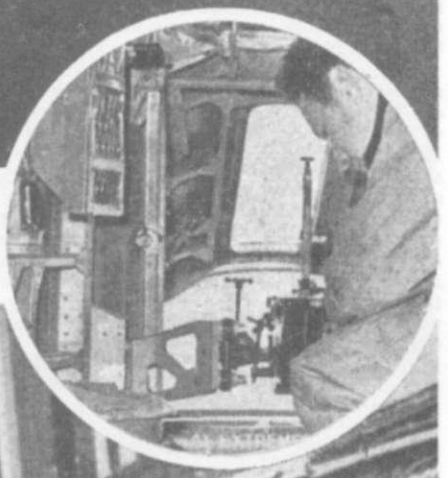
Near East.—Vichy troops reported to have evacuated Kiswe, 10 miles south of Damascus. In central sector British forces hold Nabatiye, 15 miles S.E. of Sidon. Abu Kemal, on Euphrates, captured by British armoured unit.

Home.—Bombs fell by day at a point in south-west. At night minor raids occurred in west of England. One day and one night raider destroyed.

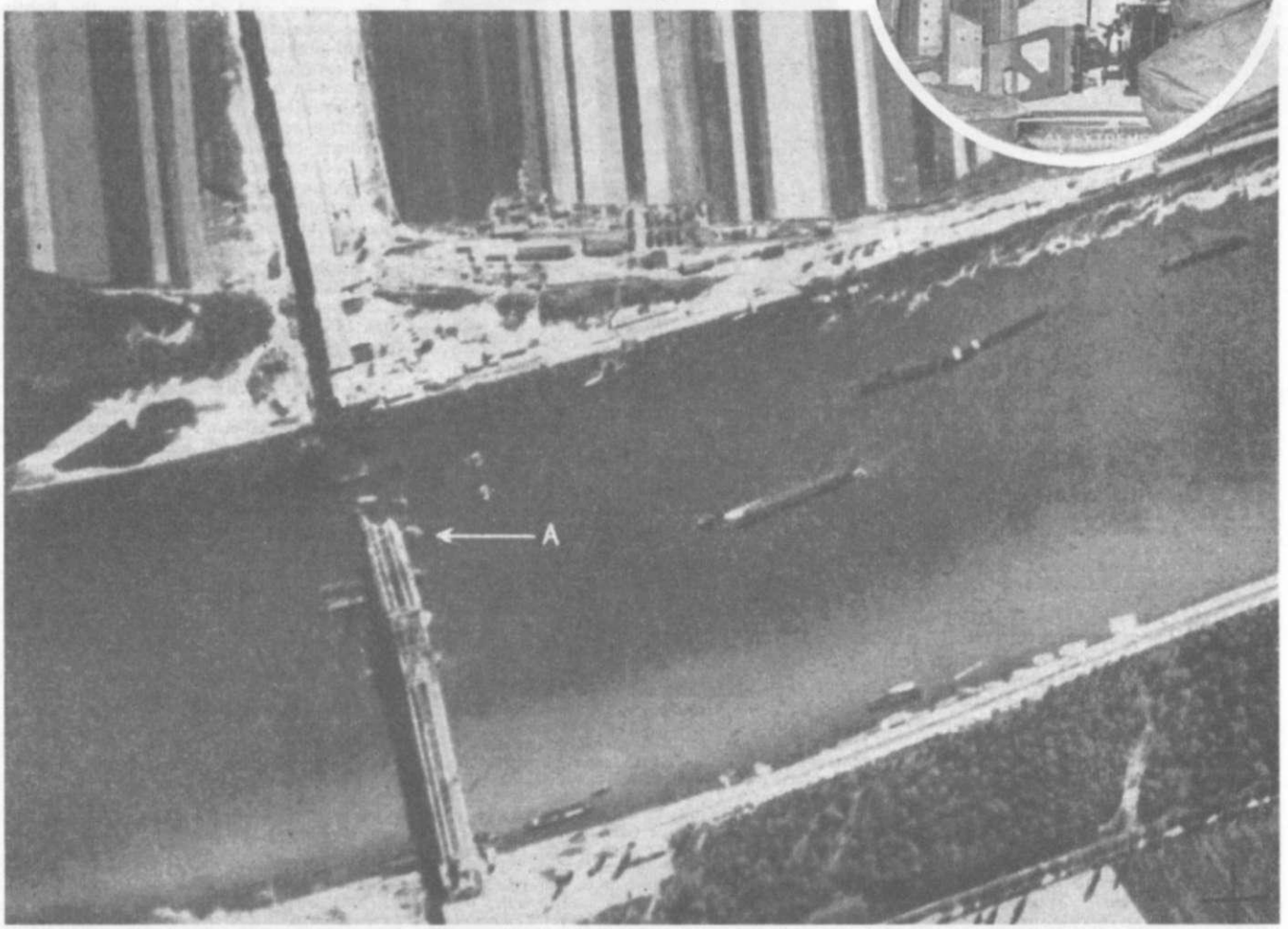
RAID DAMAGE IN DUBLIN after the Nazis had dropped bombs in the early morning of May 31, 1941. A.R.P. wardens are searching the debris in North Strand where 20 people were killed. In protesting to Germany the Eireann Government announced that 27 people were killed and 80 injured, but the figures subsequently proved higher. With typical stupidity the Nazis tried to put the blame on Britain for this outrage before the bombs were proved to be of German origin. Eire, like other neutrals, has learned again that German aggression respects no frontiers. *Photo, Planet News*

No Doubt About These R.A.F. Direct Hits





A direct hit from 8,000 feet on a German supply ship in Thyboron harbour, Denmark, proves the high accuracy of the new U.S. Sperry bomb sight installed in an R.A.F. reconnaissance Hudson. Only one salvo was needed to hit the target. The difference between the Sperry invention and the R.A.F. apparatus is that in the latter the aircraft is manoeuvred according to the orders of the bomb aimer. With the Sperry sight, which is built round the automatic gyroscopic pilot, the bomb aimer is able to control the aeroplane himself while taking aim. Circle, the bomb aimer in a Sunderland flying-boat manned by members of the R.A.A.F. setting his sights.



NEAR MANNHEIM this autobahn bridge has been extensively damaged by R.A.F. bombs. Of its two spans one has suffered a direct hit and, completely destroyed, has fallen into the river at A. Mannheim, situated on the Rhine not far from Heidelberg, is an important railway and industrial centre comprising oil-plants, docks, factories, power-stations and goods-yards. Following the wise policy of concentrating on military objectives only, the R.A.F. have continuously bombed Mannheim since June 1940.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Inquest on Crete: the Commons Debate

When the House of Commons met on June 10, 1941, it proceeded to discuss the Battle of Crete, concluded a few days before. What the M.P.s said takes up 100 pages of Hansard, but from the quotations given below it will be possible to follow the course of the debate and appreciate some, at least, of the questions which exercised their minds and tongues.

Not a rancorous debate, but a useful one. That it should prove to be such was the anticipation of the first speaker, Mr. Lees-Smith, Labour Member for Keighley and a leader of what may be described as the unofficial Opposition. There were a number of questions in the public mind, he said, and it would be a good thing to give the Prime Minister an opportunity of answering them—or some of them.

Mr. Lees-Smith put some of the questions himself, but before doing so he asked the house to bear in mind that

"the overriding difficulty is not mistakes, but the simple fact that General Wavell has to conduct a number of campaigns simultaneously, in each one of which he is outnumbered and out-machined. The whole possibility of his avoiding serious reverses has depended upon the most precise timing, by which it has been necessary for him to bring one campaign to a conclusion and transfer his troops just before the other campaign reached its peak."

Turning to Crete, Mr. Lees-Smith did not question the decision to defend it. But he did ask why, when we had been in control of the island for about seven months, our Air Force had to be withdrawn at an early stage of the battle because of the lack of aerodromes? Why we had evacuated aerodromes before making them unusable by the enemy? Why the Germans were better equipped with tommy-guns than our own men, who had to rely largely upon those they captured from the enemy? Finally, why was not more use made of the Cretan fighters as distinct from the Greeks? To sum up, "the general impression which is widely felt is that this war in the Middle East was not viewed sufficiently as a whole, that there was insufficient long-distance foresight in the situation which might arise in Crete . . . that we were unprepared for the new technique which Germany had adopted, which we had to deal with by hasty improvizations."

'An Island Has Been Captured'

The next speaker was **Mr. Hore-Belisha**, the National Liberal Member for Devonport, who was Secretary of State for War from 1937 until January, 1940.

"For the first time in history," he said, "an island has been captured by an air-borne attack. That in itself is an occurrence—let us hope not a portent—on which we, situated geographically as we are, cannot fail anxiously to ponder."

Why was the Fleet called upon to operate in narrow waters, he asked, and the Army required to undertake so desperate a task in circumstances which neglected every dictate of experience? Norway had shown under what a handicap the Fleet laboured within the range of the land-based Luftwaffe, and that an army cannot be maintained without aerodromes from which it could be given cover. Then more recent experiences had reinforced these tactical facts. Why were the lessons not applied?

Mr. Hore-Belisha went on to urge that the Army, like the Navy, should be given its own air arm, and the Air Force should be provided with a corps of its own who would be available when they occupied new territory to prepare landing-grounds.

Soon it was **Mr. Beverley Baxter's** turn; he is the Conservative Member for Wood Green, and a well-known journalist. He had some pertinent questions to ask: Who decided that we should have only so many planes in Crete? Who decided that they should be withdrawn? Who decided that we could afford to lose four cruisers and six destroyers better than 50 aeroplanes?

A Service Member was the next to speak, **Lt.-Col. Macnamara**, Conservative Member for Chelmsford. "It does not matter about Crete," he said, "provided we take the lessons it taught to heart." And those lessons were, first of all, the Navy cannot operate effectively in waters near the enemy land bases; next, that air-borne troops can quite well land anywhere and, what is more, can be reinforced; while the third lesson was that though our troops did not have very many casualties, men may apparently still be easily demoralized by dive-bombing and machine-gunning from the air, which does not give casualties but makes noise. "It sounds a strange thing to say, but I am sure it is true that one of the most effective weapons which have been used against us so far in all the theatres of war is noise."

Then he proceeded to ask a lot of questions. Is Eire properly defended? If not, why not? Are Ulster, Wales, Cornwall and the Scilly Isles studded with aerodromes, and are those aerodromes perfectly protected? Are they underground? Are there aeroplanes on the mountainside? Is there an alternative aerodrome to every one of them? Is every aeroplane kept in a blast-proof shelter? Are the airmen trained as infantry

GROUP-CAPT. G. R. BEAMISH was the R.A.F. Officer commanding in Crete who endorsed the decision to withdraw the Air Forces from the Cretan aerodromes.

soldiers, to take part in the defence of their aerodromes? Is every aerodrome a hundred per cent proof against gas? Is it possible immediately to decontaminate every single aeroplane?

Then **Lord Winterton** (Conservative, Horsham and Worthing) who has been a Member of the House since 1904, proceeded to review the present war in the light of the last, in which he served in Gallipoli, Palestine and Arabia.

He protested against the tendency to believe that because the Government had won a debate, we had thereby won a battle. "Facts sometimes become obscure in the tropical jungle of florescent rhetoric." Then after a tribute to the "popular Press," Lord Winterton went on with the dramatic words: "We can easily lose this war by our own faults as a nation, and lose it within the next three or four months . . . this war will be won or lost within the next three or four months," he concluded, "in the factories, in the fields, and in the shipyards in this country, and on the seas around Britain."

Soon it was **Mr. Bellenger's** turn (Labour, Bassetlaw). He served in the Army in this war and the last. He gave the serving man's point of view, whether it be of dive-bombing:

"The troops at Dunkirk were not so much concerned with the dive-bombing, so long as they could see our aeroplanes"—or the lack of air support for the Army.

"Will you be able to maintain the morale of the troops on whom you depend for ultimate victory if you give them bayonets to fight against tanks, and tommy-guns, and if you deny them air support? I can well imagine the feelings of the troops in Crete who knew that they were facing slaughter with no possible chance of success."

The last speaker in the debate before Mr. Churchill rose was **Rear-Admiral Beamish** (Conservative, Lewes). Naturally enough, perhaps, he stressed the fact of sea-power. "If it was not for sea power," he said, "there would be only one side in the Mediterranean at present. Yet in Crete, sea power had had its wings clipped; in fact, its wings had been practically removed by asking the Navy to carry out work for which it was never designed. You may have as many aircraft carriers as you like," he went on, "but they are extremely vulnerable craft and are not designed for working close inshore for the protection of the Army." He proceeded to make a strong plea that the Army should have its own air force.

The Premier's Reply

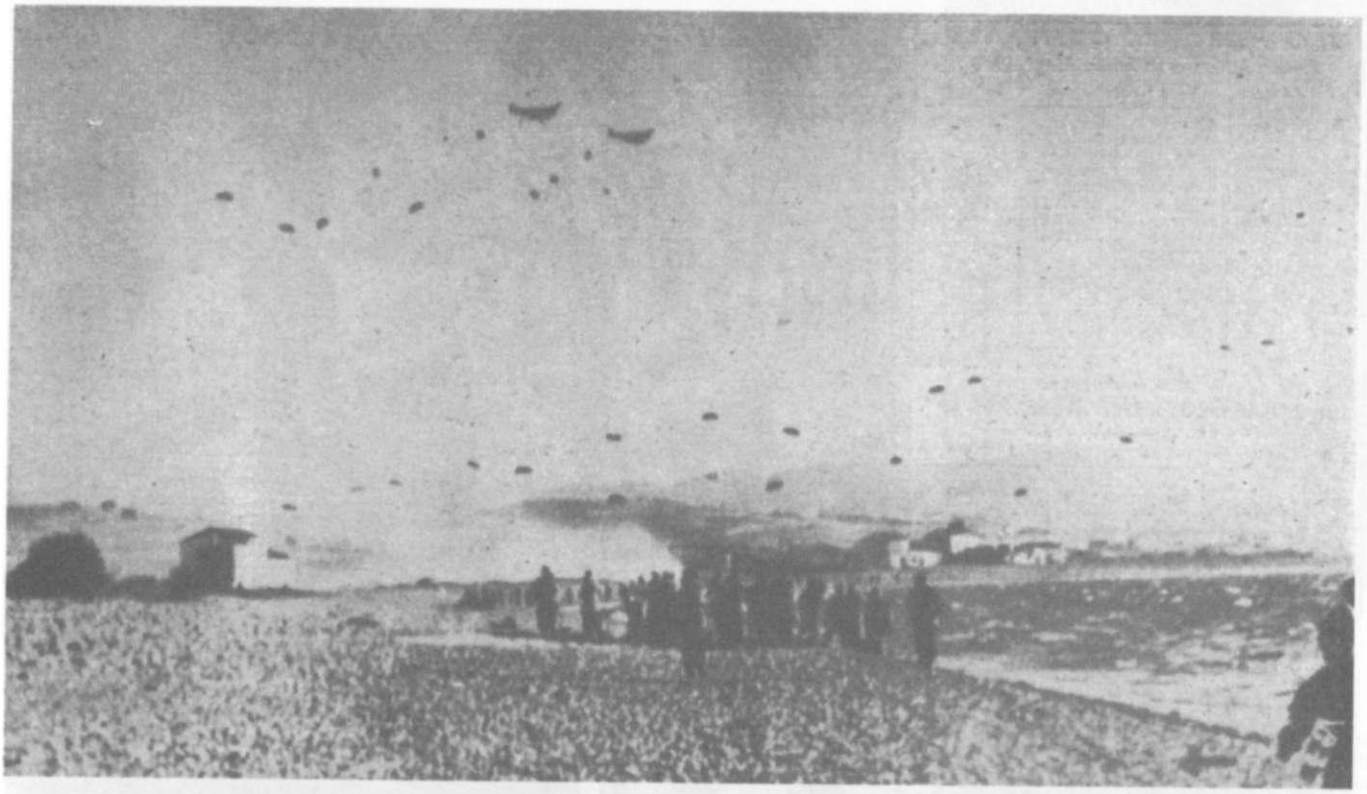
Then **Mr. Churchill** replied. First he deprecated the debate, both on the ground that no full explanations could possibly be given without revealing valuable information to the enemy and also because the fighting in Crete was only one part of the very important and complicated campaign which is being fought in the Middle East. "The vast scene can only be surveyed as a whole, and it should not be exposed to a debate piecemeal, especially at a time when operations which are all related to one another are still incomplete."

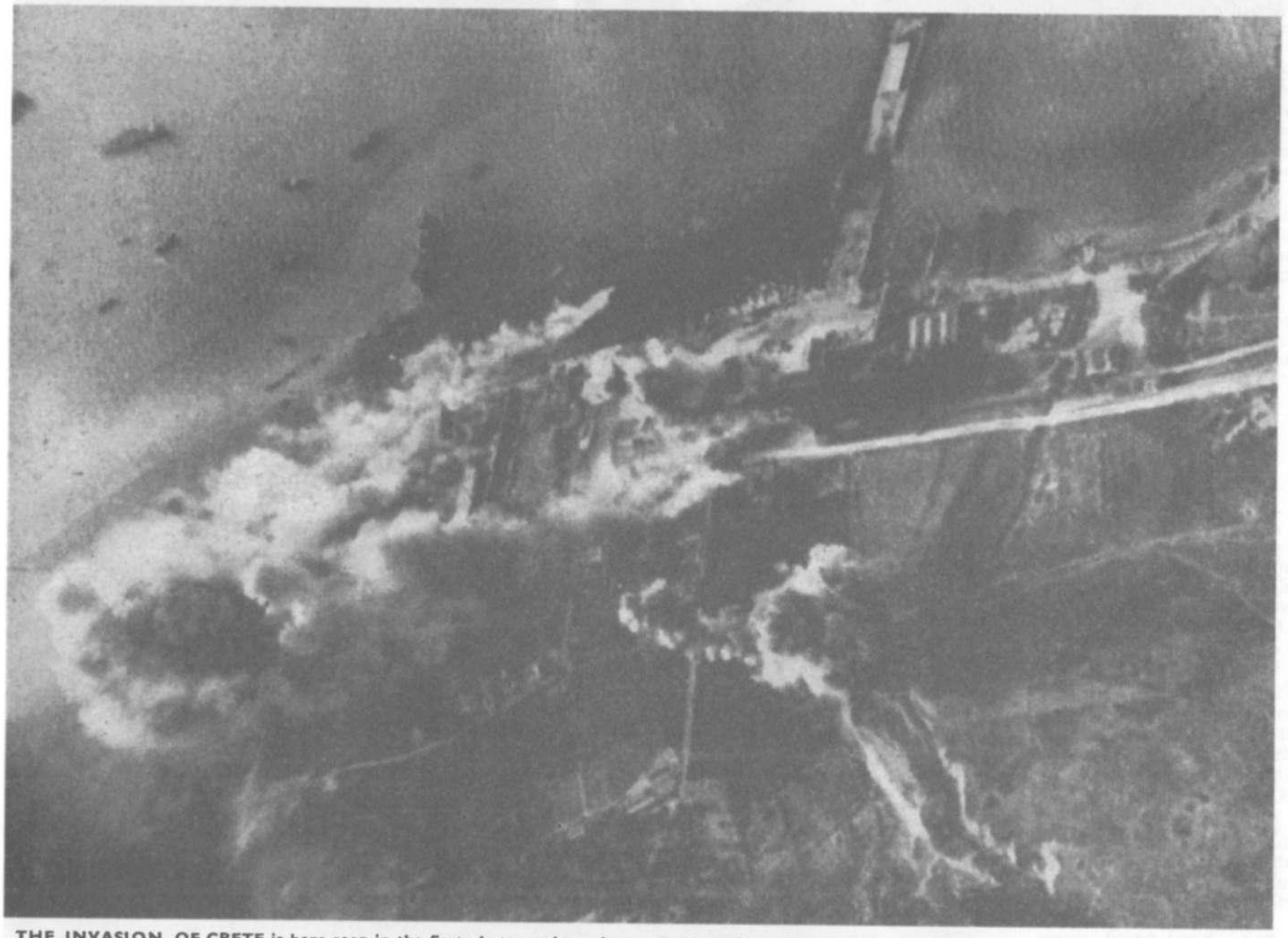
Next, answering the question why there were not enough guns provided for the two serviceable airfields which existed in Crete, he said that a very great number of guns which might have been usefully employed in Crete have been and are being mounted in our merchant vessels, to beat off the attacks of the Focke-Wulf and Heinkel planes engaged in the Battle of the Atlantic. Moreover, he reminded the House, everything we send out to the Middle East is out of action for the best part of three months as it has to go round the Cape. The decision to withdraw the air arm from Crete, the Premier went on to reveal, was taken by the Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force, Middle East, on the recommendation of General Freyberg, concurred in by Group Captain Beamish, R.A.F. officer commanding on the spot.

Then dealing with the campaign in Crete, he said that it had been hoped that 25,000 or 30,000 good troops with artillery and a proportion of tanks, added to the Greek forces, would destroy the enemy parachute and glider landings and prevent the enemy from using the airfields and the harbour. In the event that had not been possible. He could not go into details, but he announced that 17,000 men had been safely evacuated from Crete, while our killed and wounded and missing and prisoners amounted to about 15,000. The Germans, for their part, had lost at least 5,000 drowned and 12,000 killed and wounded on the island itself, in addition to 180 fighter and bomber aircraft destroyed and at least 280 troop-carrying aeroplanes.

"I am sure," he said, "that it will be found that this sombre, ferocious battle which was lost, and lost, I think, upon no great margin, was a battle well worth fighting and that it will play an extremely important part in the whole defence of the Nile Valley throughout the present year."

First Photos of a 'Sombre, Ferocious Battle'





THE INVASION OF CRETE is here seen in the first photographs to be received in this country. They came from German sources as part of the Nazi war propaganda. The top photograph shows German parachute troops dropping from troop-carrying planes. Above, clouds of smoke rising from burning wharves and stores in the harbour at Suda Bay after a dive-bombing attack. This photograph reached London by Clipper mail after being radioed from Berlin to New York.

Photos, Keystone

New Machines and Old Ritual in Ethiopia

THE MARCHES COMPARED

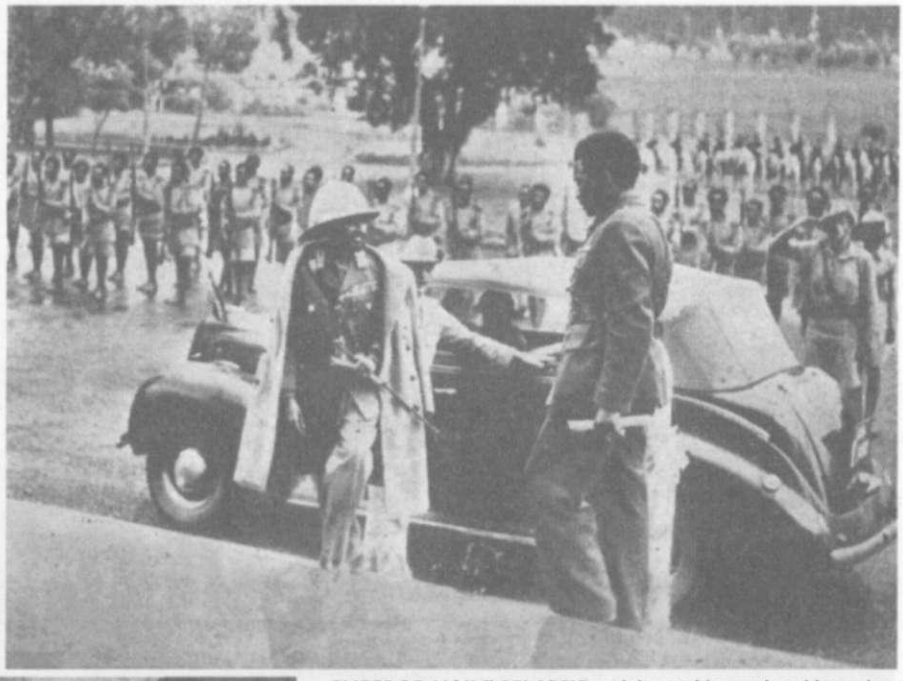
British Advance to Amba Alagi, 1940

Rate of Advance	Place	Date	Distance
miles/day	Kismayu	Feb. 14	miles
	Juba crossed	Feb. 20	
	Brava	Feb. 25	
23 (50)*	Mogadishu	Feb. 25	250
31	Gabre Darre	March 9	370
25	Jijiga	March 17	200
5	Harar	March 26	50
6	Diredawa	March 31	30
	Bridgehead established at Awash	April 3	140
50	Addis Ababa	April 5	110
9	Dessie	April 27	200
7	Amba Alagi	May 19	150
		94 days	1,500 miles

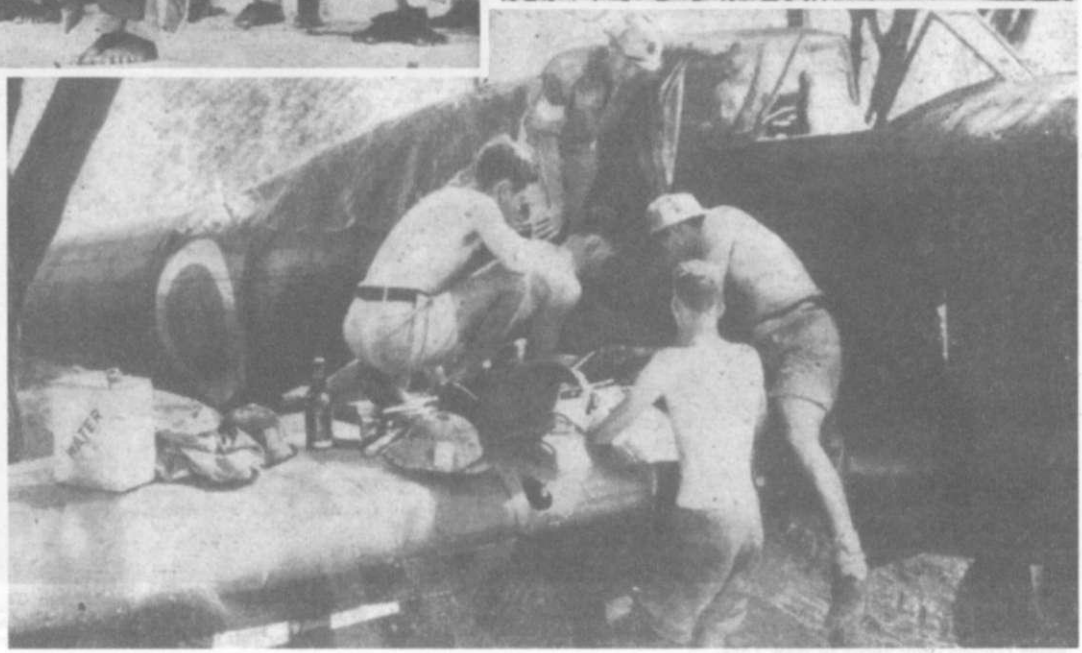
*After crossing Juba

Italian Advance to Addis Ababa, 1935-36

Place	Occupation Date	Distance
Adigrat	Oct. 5, 1935	50 miles
Macalle	Nov. 8, 1935	
L'Amba-Aradam	Feb. 16, 1936	75 miles
Alagi	Feb. 28, 1936	
Quoram	Apr. 6, 1936	
Dessie	Apr. 15, 1936	100 miles
Addis Ababa ...	May 5, 1936	200 miles
	7 months	425 miles



EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE arriving at his royal residence in Addis Ababa. Below, a primitive B.B.C. station somewhere in the African bush. Propaganda has been a valuable aid to our military operations in Eritrea and Abyssinia.



The return of Haile Selassie to the land of his fathers was celebrated with ancient religious ritual. Here are some of the officials of the Abyssinian Coptic Church awaiting the Emperor's arrival. Christianity was adopted by Ethiopia in the fourth century, the Copts being the early native Christians of Egypt.

South African mechanics making adjustments to a bomber. Abyssinia was for centuries a land of almost inaccessible mystery, but the Italian conquest and reconquest by British arms have opened up the country. In the top left-hand corner the speed of the British advance is compared with that of the Italians.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press

I Was There! ... Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Helped in the Sinking of the Bismarck

The terrible punishment which the Bismarck withstood before she was finally torpedoed and the rescue of a hundred or so survivors from the great German warship are here described by British naval officers and men who were "in at the kill."

An able seaman, describing the action with the Bismarck, said: "We pumped everything we had into her. She withstood appalling punishment, and we were astonished that any ship could remain afloat in such fire.

We counted over 300 hits with our 8-in. shells. They killed many of the Bismarck complement, but still her guns replied. Bismarck gunners fired from individual control long after central controls were obviously wrecked.

An officer said:

She gave no sign of surrender and kept her battle colours flying and so our firing had to be continued. This was not pleasant.

The Bismarck was still firing in a desultory way when the Dorsetshire closed in to dispatch her by torpedo. But her salvos were whistling harmlessly overhead.

You could see that she was terribly distressed—on fire from stem to stern—flames on the forecastle, amidships, and on the quarter-deck. Dense smoke clouds rolled away, and her sides glowed red-hot as if she were a furnace inside.

An engineer then took up the tale:

We were determined that we would get her, and the engines took it wonderfully.

Down below men were waiting for the signal that would tell us that we had found the Bismarck. When it came, and our guns opened fire, there were cheers. We grinned at one another and said, "Let her have it."

And we did. Some of us were allowed on deck to see the end. When I first saw the Bismarck she was ablaze, and smoke was pouring from her over the tops of her masts. We could see salvo after salvo of shells bursting in her. Every time the guns fired men were waving their hats and shouting: "Give it to 'em," and cheering.

Then torpedoes finished the job. One burst on the stern. Steelwork and stanchions were hurled high above the masts. And men were hurled with them. She went down slowly, a blazing hulk.

A German gunnery officer, who was among those rescued, asked to send a message to the commander-in-chief of the action. It was this: "Your shooting was deadly. You knocked 17 bells out of us."

A British chief petty officer aboard the ship which brought the German prisoners back said: They were all dazed and looked "punch drunk." They said they had had "hell" from our ships, and most of them had bruises from being knocked about by the poundings and direct hits.

The final moments of the stricken German warship were described by another officer.

He said:

As the Bismarck heeled to port and slowly went down, we could suddenly see all over the hull hundreds of black dots. They were human beings, making a last effort to avoid death. As the vessel heeled over further the dots moved along the hull—anywhere out of reach of the water. The vessel took a last plunge and sank stern foremost, and the dots were seen in the water.

It was quite impossible to lower any boats in the heavy seas, and all we could do was to throw out long grasslines, which float on the surface, for survivors to grasp. We saved quite a number, but while engaged in this work we received warning that there were submarines in the vicinity and we must get under way.

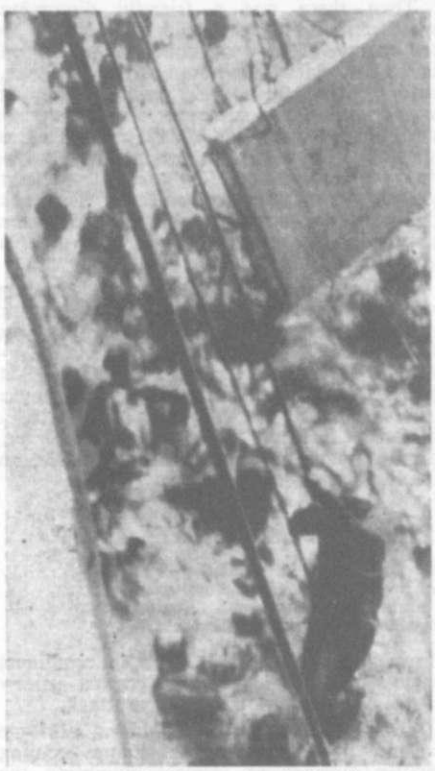
At one time there were scores of men strung out along two long ropes, striving to get alongside. The waves were tossing them high out of the water and then plunging them into the depths.

Some were half-naked. Their faces were streaked with oil, and when they reached the vessel many were so exhausted that they could not manage the final climb. Every now and then a man halfway up the rope would collapse and carry two or three of his comrades beneath him into the water.

Those we could haul aboard had their knuckles clenched and bleeding. They were frozen with cold and dropped like logs to the deck. Within a few minutes they were wrapped in blankets and bedding and they actually fell asleep as they talked to us below deck.

The lucky ones had very little to say for themselves. They were obviously grateful for all we were doing for them and told us they had had neither food nor sleep for four days.

There was no gloating over the sinking of the Hood, but they did seem to take a curious pride in the fact that so many of our vessels had been called out to put paid to the Bismarck.



Survivors of the German battleship Bismarck, clinging to ropes, being hauled aboard a British ship. About a hundred were saved in this way after the Bismarck sank. *Photo, Keystone*

Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, with senior officers of H.M.S. Rodney, at a British port after returning from the Bismarck action. The new battle honour is seen above their heads.

Photo, Keystone

We Fired the Torpedoes that Finished Her

When the chase of the Bismarck was ended and her guns were silenced, she still had to be sunk by torpedoes from the cruiser Dorsetshire, and here is the story of Lieut.-Commander G. R. Carver who fired those torpedoes.

What it felt like to be the man who fired the torpedoes that finally sank the Bismarck was described by Commander Carver when Dorsetshire landed 83 survivors from Bismarck at a British port. He said:

The captain gave me the "stand by" order. I felt how terrible it would be to miss. It was my first chance of firing point-blank at an enemy.

We had closed in to short range, and the captain told me to give her two. I was astonished, when the torpedoes hit home, that the Bismarck hardly shuddered. We went around to the other side and I let her have another. When that one hit she began to list and quickly turned over to sink.

The water appeared to be full of struggling Germans, and we must have lost fathoms of rope which we trailed over the side to try to pick them up.

She was a terrible sight. Her top was blown clean away, flames were roaring out in several places and her plates were glowing red with heat. Great clouds of black smoke were billowing from her and rising for a hundred feet or so.

When our torpedoes hit her the Bismarck settled down by the stern, and then heeled over to port. She had not blown up, but just went straight down on her side with her battle ensign still flying. It was a most impressive sight, and we watched in silence as she finally went under.

Dorsetshire's eight-inch guns had already contributed in a devastating way to the Bismarck's destruction. Prisoners who had been rescued said they were astounded by the rate and the accuracy of the shells.

Commissioned Gunner T. A. Pentney, a Londoner, described the action when they

I WAS THERE!

These smiling lads are the torpedo crew of H.M.S. Dorsetshire. They fired the torpedoes which sank the Bismarck, pride of Hitler's fleet. Right, Lieut.-Comdr. G. R. Carver, who gave the order to fire. H.M.S. Dorsetshire (Capt. B. C. S. Martin, R.N.) torpedoed the Bismarck after the German battleship's armament had been silenced by our guns. *Photos, "Daily Herald" and Keystone*

came upon the enemy steaming at about 10 knots in a rough sea. He said:

We opened fire at long range at 9.5 a.m., and kept up a ceaseless pounding until we had drawn into close range. By that time the Bismarck was in a hopeless state.

They fired four salvos at us at the beginning of the action, but they all roared overhead. Then her attention was fully occupied by the Rodney, which had come up and had started to pound her.

For many of the Dorsetshire's crew it was their first action, and as one lieutenant said:

I felt much better in a ship-to-ship fight than I thought I should. I was on the bridge and all I can say is that the enemy fought very well. I expected them to haul down their ensign, but they kept it flying to the very end.

The way this colossal German battleship "just rolled over like a giant porpoise and settled in a matter of moments" is still a matter of surprise to those who saw it.

But there was a private surprise for the Dorsetshire's officers. When the battle was over they listened to Lord Haw Haw on the radio. Lieut.-Commander (E.) J. F. Mansell, of Slough, said:

We heard him announce that H.M.S. Dorsetshire, steaming at 35 knots—a wonderful speed, anyhow—was on fire fore and aft before sinking at 2 p.m. on the day of the action. Which seems rather to put us in the Ark Royal class!

My Adventures After I Was Shot Down Over Crete

Winner of the D.F.C. and Croix de Guerre in France, Flight-Lieut. D. S. G. Honor has been awarded a bar to his D.F.C. for the exploit in Crete which is described below in his own words.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT HONOR was attacking Maleme Aerodrome on May 25 and had intercepted and shot down a Ju 52 and an S 79, when he was himself attacked from below. He said:

With my elevator and aerial control gone, I took what evasive action I could. Then a Messerschmitt 109 attacked me close to the cliffs of the bay. To stop attacks from astern I planed down and hit the water with the aircraft hood closed.

I went down with the machine 40 ft. into the sea without even a window open. Somehow I got out and my "Mae West" brought me to the surface. Although battered by waves, I managed to get my trousers off. For at least four hours I tried to get ashore, and it took me an hour to do the last twenty yards. I was in despair of ever making it, but eventually drifted to a cave and climbed astride a stalagmite. Phosphorescent waves washed over me as I attempted to wring out my clothes. Having jettisoned my trousers I put my wet shirt over my legs and spent the night in the freezing cave.

After daylight I swam my way to a little headland, dried out my clothes in the sun, and footed it until I reached a goatherd's empty hut. On I tramped, and the next night I spent in a disused church, where I found some matches, an incense burner, and a stagnant well. I drank from this gladly, and at other times sucked pebbles to quench my thirst. Next day I found some lentils in another hut. After much more tramping I came on a little patchwork of green and gold fields with a small white house—a sight for sore eyes. It took me four hours to reach the village. The padre at the church gave me goat's milk, cheese and rye bread.

FLT.-LT. D. S. G. HONOR shaking hands with the King at an Investiture. He tells in this page of his escape from Crete. *Photo, British Official; Crown Copyright*

Here I was told another British pilot had been shot down that day. It turned out to be a sergeant pilot of my own flight. The padre gave me trousers and the sergeant and myself stayed the night.

Then there was a friendly discussion whether the villagers should turn us over to the enemy, as we were completely hemmed in. I asked for four hours to think it over, realizing that from their point of view it would be better to surrender us, as the poor devils had already had six of their villagers shot by Germans for supposedly withholding information. So we started our journey through the German lines. A Greek officer helped us. Before we went we were given tea, under-pants, food, water and a guide by the mayor of the village.

At night we saw Me 109's ground-strafing an aerodrome. When we heard an aircraft approaching the island we thought it was German until I saw the shape of a Sunderland. We started signalling with pocket torches, and I sent out messages in morse and was picked up. Actually my "R.A.F. here, R.A.F. here," in torchlight saved me, although it was a million to one chance, in the Sunderland pilot's words.

On the Ark Royal We Had an Exciting Day

The Mediterranean battle fleet—and the Ark Royal in particular—were assailed by Italian and German bombers for a whole day, but not a ship sustained a hit and several enemy aircraft were destroyed. Reuter's correspondent on board the Ark Royal sent this graphic dispatch.

WE were steaming between Cagliari, the Italian air base in South Sardinia and Sicily. The Italians were able to accompany their bombers with many squadrons of fast and well armed land fighters and could bring out Ju 87's and Me 110's from Sicily.

All ships were at the "stand-to" with fighters ranging in the sky and others were drawn up on the flight deck in readiness to take off. A.A. guns were cocked grimly to the sky awaiting the expected attack.

Straining our eyes on the Admiral's bridge we saw five slim bird-like shapes coming swiftly towards us, almost skimming the wave-tops. With sharp deafening cracks our own guns snapped into action. Pom-poms chattered, pumping two-pounder shells

I WAS THERE!

at the planes now about a mile and a half away. Every ship was brought to bear in the firing.

One of the foremost planes zoomed 100 feet into the air and then plunged nose first into the sea. The remainder dropped their torpedoes and sped away. Two crashed into the sea several miles astern. We were the target, but a skilful and quick turn saved the ship. Two pairs of torpedoes were seen to pass on either side of the ship.

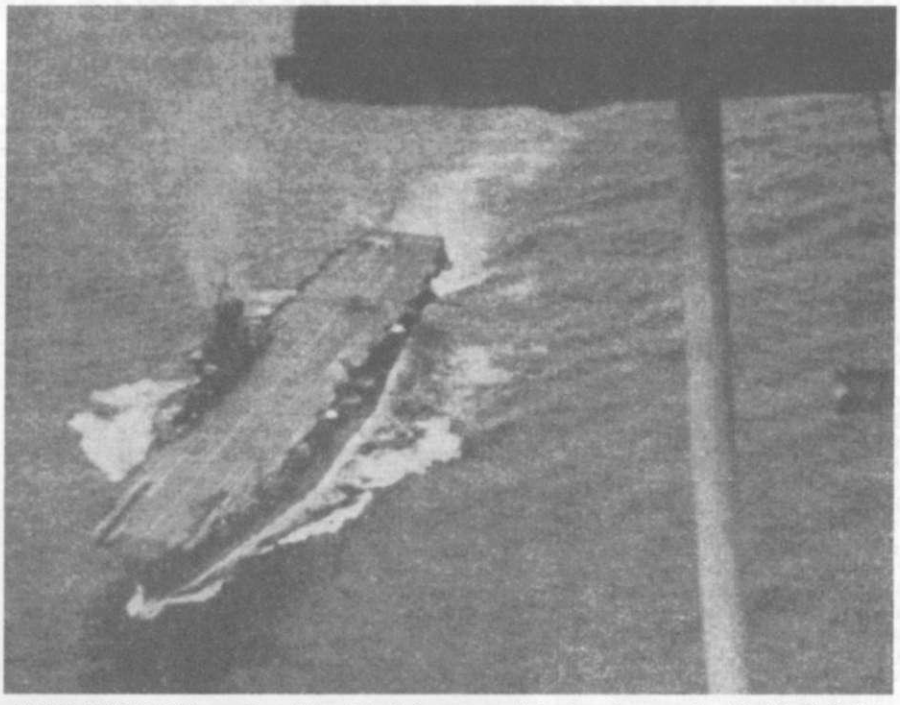
The first round was to us. Again we waited. A fighter landed on the deck with its tail riddled and the rear-gunner lying back in his seat looking ghastly and half fainting. Doctors were waiting to attend the wounded gunner.

The second attack came on the starboard side. Three bombers came roaring through at a height of 5,000 feet. Shells screamed up from every ship in a terrific barrage. One plane sheered away from its formation after dropping its bombs into the sea and dived flaming after them astern. The remaining two kept on. Again we were the target ship. Almost screened by the exploding shells, the bombers drove over us and, with fascinated eyes, we saw the bombs released.

Down they rushed into the waves in a wide half-circle round the carrier and exploded with muffled booms under the sea. Regularly our own guns and those of other ships fired as enemy planes were seen diving out of the clouds shadowing ships, but we had a longer breathing space before the next attack.

Fighters roared down, landed, were rushed below in lifts and, after being re-fuelled and re-ammunitioned, streaked off again searching eagerly for enemies in the clouds.

Gradually the day wore on. Amid constant reports of bomber formations in the neighbourhood came an urgent one that bombers were closing in on the starboard. Presently a mighty chorus of guns thudded and then we saw four big black bombers, ghost-like and ominous shapes in the misty lower edge of the clouds. They were about 4,000 feet up. A destroyer on the far starboard vanished behind a wall of water as a stick of bombs crashed around her.



H.M.S. ARK ROYAL, so often claimed by Axis propaganda to have been sunk, added fresh lustre to her name by her participation in the attack on the Bismarck. A correspondent aboard her tells in this page something of her part in an earlier fray. *Photo, British Official*

They were met with a veritable curtain of flying steel. One plane wobbled and banked sharply into the cover of the clouds. Others followed into the incessant murderous fire, but passed well ahead of us and jettisoned their bombs into the sea and tore away, pursued by a fighter.

With an hour of daylight left the last attack was made from the port side by three torpedo bombers, while at the same time a big force of thirty Stukas, protected by six Me 110s, were cruising in the clouds with the intention of making a simultaneous assault.

It was daringly carried out. With every ship spitting shells, pom-poms barking, and machine-gun bullets whistling round them in hundreds, the planes, wave-hopping, made straight for the Ark Royal. One turned towards a battle-cruiser ahead and we lost sight of it.

Our eyes were glued to a pair pressing home an attack on us. It seemed a miracle that planes could live in the deadly hail of bullets and shells. When the planes were about half a mile away we saw gleaming torpedoes splash into the sea. Both aircraft banked steeply and roared away as the torpedoes flashed towards us.

We felt the whole ship heeling over as it turned sharply to port to avoid the peril rushing upon her, her guns still blazing fast at the retreating planes. Breathlessly we waited. The torpedoes slid harmlessly past to starboard.

Six of our fighters dived among the Stukas with their machine-guns spitting venomously. One Ju 87 dived into the sea in flames, and two Me 110s staggered off to the shelter of the clouds with white smoke pouring from them. A terrific dogfight raged unseen to the ships below until the Stukas dropped their bombs into the sea and fled, leaving the fighters hard hit but victorious.

The Ark Royal's officers and men forget how often their ship has been sunk and hit by Axis propaganda, but she is still without a scratch as a result of enemy action. Thankfully we watched night closing in.

ABBREVIATIONS USED BY THE FOUR SERVICES

The Army: E—W

Continued from page 599

E.M.O. Embarkation Medical Officer.
E.S.O. Embarkation Staff Officer.
F.D.L. Foremost Defended Localities.
F.G.C.M. Field General Court-Martial.
F.M. Field-Marshal.
F.O.O. Forward Observation Officer.
F.S. Field Service.
F.S.R. Field Service Regulations.
G.A. Garrison Adjutant.
G.C.M. General Court-Martial.
G.O.C.-in.-C. General Officer Commanding in Chief.
G.R.O. General Routine Order.
G.S. General Service or General Staff.
G.S.M. Garrison Sergeant-Major.
G.S.O. General Staff Officer.
H.D. Horse Drawn.
H.E. High Explosive or Horizontal Equivalent.
H.Q. Headquarters.
H.T. Horsed Transport.
I.A. Indian Army.
I.M.S. Indian Medical Service.
I.O. Intelligence Officer.
I.O.O. Inspecting Ordnance Officer.
J.A.G. Judge Advocate-General.
K.H.C. Honorary Chaplain to the King.
L.A.D. Light Aid Detachment.
L.M.G. Light Machine-Gun.
L.O. Liaison Officer.
L. of C. Line of Communications.
L/T. Line Telegraphy.
M.A.C. Motor Ambulance Convoy.
M.C. Motor Cycle or Movement Control.
M.C.O. Movement Control Officer.
M.D.G. Medical Director-General.
M.D.S. Main Dressing Station.
M.F.O. Military Forwarding Officer.
M.F.W. Military Foreman of [Works.
M.G. Machine-Gun.
M.G.O. Master-General of the Ordnance.
M.L.O. Military Landing Officer.
M.O. Medical Officer.
M.O.I. Military Operations and Intelligence.
M.P. Meeting Point or Military Police.
M.S. Military Secretary.
M.T. Mechanical Transport or Motor Transport.
N.C.O. Non-Commissioned Officer.
N.S.O. Naval Staff Officer.
O.C. Officer Commanding.
O.M.E. Ordnance Mechanical Engineer.
O.O. Operation Order.
O.P. Observation Post.
O.R. Other ranks.
O.T.C. Officers Training Corps.
P.C. Principal Chaplain.
P.M. Provost Marshal.
P.M.O. Principal Medical Officer.
P.O. Post Office.
P.O.W. Prisoners of War.
P.P. Petrol Point.
P.R.H. Petrol Rail Head.
P.R.P. Petrol Refilling Point.
P.S.S. Printing and Stationery Service.
Q.M. Quartermaster.
Q.M.G. Quartermaster-General to the Forces.
Q.M.S. Quartermaster-Sergeant.
R.A. Royal Artillery.
R.A.C. Royal Armoured Corps.
R.A.M.C. Royal Army Medical Corps. [Corps.
R.A.O.C. Royal Army Ordnance
R.A.P. Regimental Aid Post.
R.A.P.C. Royal Army Pay Corps.
R.A.S.C. Royal Army Service Corps.
R.A.V.C. Royal Army Veterinary Corps.
R.C.M. Regimental Corporal-Major (Household Cavalry).
R.E. Royal Engineers.
R.F. Representative Fraction or Range Finder.
R.M.A. Royal Military Academy (Woolwich).
R.M.C. Royal Military College (Sandhurst).
R.O. Routine Order.
R.O.O. Railhead Ordnance Officer.
R.P. Refilling Point or Rules of Procedure.
R.Q.M.C. Regimental Quartermaster-Corporal (Household Cavalry).
R.Q.M.S. Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant.
R/T. Radio-Telephony.
R.T.O. Railway Transport Officer.
R.V. Rendezvous.
R.W. Royal Warrant for Pay and Promotion.
S.A.A. Small Arms Ammunition.
S.C. Staff Captain.
S.C.F. Senior Chaplain to the Forces.
S.L. Searchlight.
S.M. Sergeant-Major.
S.P. Starting Point.
S.Q.M.S. Staff Quartermaster-Sergeant.
S.R.H. Supply Railhead.
S.R.P. Supply Refilling Point.
S.S.M. Staff Sergeant-Major.
T.A. Territorial Army.
T.C.P. Traffic Control Post.
T.D. Tractor Drawn Territorial Decoration.
T.O. Transport Officer.
V.E.S. Veterinary Evacuating Station.
V.I. Vertical Interval.
V.O. Veterinary Officer.
V/T. Visual Telegraphy.
W.D. War Department.
W.E. War Establishment.
W/T. Wireless Telegraphy.
W.W.C.P. Walking Wounded Collecting Post.

The Editor's Postscript

SOMETHING that I wrote about prophecy in war-time a few weeks back has brought me a bunch of letters which but confirm my obstinacy in rejecting all prophecy and I shall pass these by without comment, excepting one. It contains a clipping from a local paper reporting at wasteful length a lecture under the heading "Amazing Biblical Prophecy" . . . a farrago of folly. But supposed by my reader to wipe my eye after my confessed incredulity concerning alleged Biblical prophecies of events in A.D. 1941. The speaker had the nerve to tell his simple-minded hearers that the second chapter of Joel provides a vivid description of a modern tank attack in a way which could not have been more graphically expressed by Richard Dimbleby reporting the descent of the mechanized Huns on Yugoslavia and Greece! He read it, "and his audience was astonished." Well, read it for yourself and see. Joel (one of the shortest "Books") is well worth reading anyhow as he had the stuff of the poet-prophet in him albeit of the Minor category. (A preacher for the Sunday was shown into an extremely small room at a Scottish manse one Saturday night. "Here's your bedroom," said the minister's wife, "we call it the prophet's chamber." "Aye," said the visitor dryly, "it must have been provided for one o' the *minor* prophets.")

ALL that Joel was after was to impress with brilliantly imaginative phrases the terrors of a threatening plague of locusts. "They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run up the wall; they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief." Tanks! The whole chapter is full of images that fit locusts (I have known them do these and even more surprising things in South America and in North Africa), but it has nothing on earth to do with the exploits of tanks in 1941. Yet that's the stuff which modern prophetmongers get the gullible to lap up.

THEY'RE all on the old tack about Armageddon, quite unabashed that they had worked it to death in 1914-18. "Armageddon would be fought in three spheres, the earth, the sea and the sky—the land warfare centreing and culminating in Palestine," said the learned lecturer. How's that for prophecy? Again "No peace plan in the present conflict could be hoped for *because* the Bible prophesied that the conflict would grow more terrible and bitter." Anybody with a grain of sense can prophesy that, but it needs less than a grain of sense to identify the cockatrice and the flying fiery serpent of the Bible with—poison gas! Which this interpreter does. Thus is the imagery of the fine poet-prophets of Israel distorted and fitted to the fiery fancies of those latter-day exponents, who do much harm in disturbing the minds of all who accept their sensationalism without turning to the sources on which it is based. "Always verify your references" was the sage advice of the famous Lord Salisbury. That is particularly necessary when considering Bible prophecies at secondhand.

I WONDER how many have taken the trouble, which I took this week-end, to get a line on a later prophet of a different sort—Nostradamus. A correspondent who has devoted himself through forty years to the study of things to come (I am convinced of his absolute sincerity, but of nothing more) tells me that he has never seen a copy of Nostradamus. Well, I got three editions from the London Library and settled down with them for two hours last night when all was quiet, no bombers going over. The earliest edition was 1720, the latest 1875, and the one to which I gave most of my attention was the Paris edition of 1840 fully annotated in pencil by some unknown English author who had himself written an unnamed book on prophecy. There are many astonishing quatrains in the ten sequences of "Centuries" and as a literary curiosity Nostradamus is certainly worth more study than I have been able to give him.

GENERAL CATROUX, in personal command of the Free French forces which marched into Syria on June 8, was formerly Governor of French Indo-China. Though senior in rank to Gen. de Gaulle, he volunteered to serve under him and was made High Commissioner of Free France in the Near East. *Photo, Planet News*

ESPECIALLY am I impressed with his topographical knowledge—in itself surprising for a writer of the mid-sixteenth century—but I am certain from all I can gather in my cursory examination of this strange and intriguing book that he never heard of Hitler or of Vichy, and I have no use for a prophet who in 1555 pretended to know the future even beyond our own times but missed the significance of that man and that place! I'd rather re-read Maeterlinck's "The Unknown Guest," which I'm taking to bed tonight, as I find the Belgian poet-essayist the most persuasive of all sensible students of the mysterious phenomena of premonitions and foretellings. Even when we may not agree with his conclusions we are held by the charm of his style.

THERE were two candidates for election in an American town. One abnormally tall, the other absurdly short. A supporter of the first said in a speech that while his rival had to stand on two packing-cases to be seen by the audience, his own candidate was so tall they had to dig a hole for him to stand in to address his hearers. "The truth," said the little chap, on hearing this, "is that my opponent has a hole dug for him because he's only happy when he's up to his neck in dirt." If we get much more of this ministerial talk, to which I have just been listening, about the "honour" of wearing shabby clothes we may arrive at the stage of being urged not to waste soap on cleaning our necks, to swear off hot baths, to avoid "hair cut and shave" until end of the War.

FACT is, there's no particular honour in presenting a beggarly and bedraggled appearance to one's fellowmen so long as we are able to live in our own homes and have not "gone to earth" like the fox. That way lies Bolshevism. The Bolshies, taking their cue from their leaders, who had assumed the outward guise of horny handed sons of toil, in order to "dress the part" have produced (as I am informed by various credible visitors to Stalin's Russia) a nation-wide populace who are habited as the now almost extinct denizens of the once notorious Glasgow slums. But the instant these same Bolshies, male and female, flooded into "conquered" Poland their fashion-starved women and lousy, dingy men swarmed like locusts on the dress and clothing shops, leaving not even an item of lingerie or clean linen behind them . . . incidentally paying for everything with worthless roubles.

TO be well dressed and clean are proper instincts in any civilized community, and to spread the idea that outworn clothes and abstention from refinements of toilette can pass for virtues is both dangerous and foolish. "Honest sweat" is still sweat and by any other name would smell as sour. Let's use these 66 coupons to best advantage and let's make ourselves as presentable as our means will allow. Don't begin to take a pride in appearing a down-and-out. Else we become down-and-outs in spirit as well as appearance. Nothing is better for our morale than to look our best . . . stopping always this side of dandyism.

IT was Diderot, I think, who propounded the theory that an actor who assumed the outward appearance of misery in the parts he played found himself in time feeling miserable . . . a proposition to which I do not fully subscribe, else we could not have a Grimaldi making his audience laugh while he himself was a victim of melancholy. I think I shall use some of my margarine coupons today in buying a few neckties. Think of the valuable paper that is being saved by them! (Sez he to whom paper has become precious as life blood.) For which much thanks.

JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE.
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